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MURRAY GART (RIGHT) WITH KARSTEN PRAGER, MARSH CLARK, GREG WIERZYNSKI

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

O the television audience, a national convention comes on like a minor Gettysburg. There are frontal attacks, skirmishes in obscure corners -all accompanied by fanfares and flourishes. But as any general will tell you, the thing to know is where the reserves are hidden, which woods conceal what cavalry and who commands them. It is this analysis of men of significance that is the yearlong concern of TIME's political coverage and especially so during the quadrennial convention battles.

On hand in Miami Beach were Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, TIME Managing Editor Henry Grunwald, Senior Editor Jason Mc-Manus, and the Nation staff of 16, who were intent on assessing an event

that has no real parallel in all the world's governments.

Directing TIME's 20 reporters was Chief of Correspondents Murray Gart. His principal command post was an advantageously placed row of seats and desks near the podium. Beside him sat his deputy and deskman extraordinary, Dick Duncan, amid a nexus of wires, phones and beepers with which he could dispatch one of TIME's four floor reporters to cover a disturbance in the Ohio delegation or a fracas outside the hall.

"Our objective was to be on hand at the critical moments of decision," explains Gart. That involves an intimacy with political figures which may be months and years in the making. Senior Correspondent John Steele, who has attended no fewer than 14 conventions, and Simmons Fentress, veteran of four, used their vast expertise to report and analvze the differences between this and past political conclaves. Correspondent Bonnie Angelo kept in touch with the women's caucus. Hays Gorey, who had covered Hubert Humphrey all through his 1968 presidential campaign, was with the Senator during the credentials fight on the floor. Dean Fischer, assigned months ago to follow McGovern's fortunes, was the only reporter in the candidate's room when the Illinois delegation cast its votes to put McGovern over the top. "I offered him my congratulations," says Fischer. "I'm glad you were able to be with us at this moment." McGovern responded.

While the balloting for McGovern dragged on, Gart left his command post to contact some of his "old sources" on the convention floor. In this "new" convention, old sources were not as common as they used to be, but Gart was able to return with a secret "short list" of vice-presidential candidates: U.A.W.'s Leonard Woodcock, Senators Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut and Thomas Eagleton of Missouri. Promptly, a reporter and photographer were dispatched to cover each of these three vice-presidential possibilities. As a result, Correspondent John Stacks was at Ribicoff's side in his hotel suite when McGovern phoned the next day to ask him to be his running mate. Stacks knew before McGovern himself-because Ribicoff had told him-that the offer would be refused. Correspondent Gregory Wierzynski sought out Eagleton for an hourlong interview-a full twelve hours before the Missouri Senator himself knew whether he was to be the vice-presidential candidate.

While Gart directed his reportorial troops, Picture Editor John Durniak-assisted by Arnold Drapkin, Deborah Pierce and Alice George -was directing a small army of photographers. He had wangled a girl photographer, Sahm Doherty, onto the central stand, usually an exclusively male prerogative. By week's end, the Nation staff had returned to New York to assemble the convention section, and Gart and his correspondents had begun taking a short breather before Round 2: the Re-

Ralph P. Davdson



JOHN STEELE



DICK DUNCAN

SIMMONS FENTRESS BONNIE ANGELO





EDITORS JASON McMANUS & KEITH JOHNSON

The Cover: Photograph by Ken Regan

DAVID BECKWITH & DELEGATE

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Unlike Volvo, Mercedes does come with a fully independent suspension. One for Mercedes. But unlike Mercedes, Volvo comes with radial tires. One for us.

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LETTERS

Complaining Works—or Does It?

Sir / Re your Essay "The Need to Complain More" [July 3]: Complaining works, but, like bailing out an ocean liner with a cracked cup, the process can be as dismaying as the original malfunction. Having written a dozen letters of pro-

test in as many weeks, and having returned to stores spoiled chicken and dispensers that failed to dispense, we are left with small victories, much unnecessary mileage, enormous frustration. We'd throw in the penbut this is the one that always leaks. BETH and BLAIR THOMPSON

El Verano, Calif.

Sir / Your Essay "Louder!—The Need to Complain More" was better as a partial inventory of what people have to complain about than as a solution to this growing problem.

The "right" to yell is offset by the "right" not to pay attention. CHAS.T. SCHIROS

CHAS. T. SCHIROS Temple City, Calif.

Sir / Complaining in vain is a practice that can be enjoyed as well in countries outside America.

On a recent visit to Germany I felt justified in complaining to the manager of the hotel at which I was staying for a few days. "My room is very cold." I said, with a stuy of his shoulders and a gesture toward the street, he replied, "Well, my son, it's very cold outside."

CARLION S. PEARSE

Denver

Sir / In response to your Essay on the need for complaining: I've been a letter-writing, telegram-sending complainer for quite a few years now, and I agree with you that complaining releases "bile" and occasionally gets results.

I want to give one word of warning, however. Never complain to anyone while in Aspen, I happened to be riding a lift with an automobile executive.

When I launched into an invective

When I launched into an invective against his company's wasteful production policies. I was reminded by the executive that it was a long way down from where we were sitting.

MARGARET C. PHILPOTT San Diego

Sir / What Mr. Baker says about complaining is undoubtedly true. It might also be effective, however, for people to write and phone in praise of a person or company that has gone out of its way to assist a customer. Surely, we have all run into one such incident. A little positive reinforcement can't hurt.

CHRISTINE BERGLUND Hoffman Estates, III.

Sir / Maybe the griper is the reason that the waiter/clerk/driver hates his job. Whened to ver happened to the tradition of cultivating good service by a generous tip rather than poisoning it with no tip at all?

Complaining on Mr. Nader's level

Complaining on Mr. Nader's level may help in the long run. But in the meantime, griping in the supermarket is like griping in the Army: the louder you shout, the

worse it gets.
THEODORE L. BREWSTER
Washington, D.C.

Sir / I quite agree with your Essay on the need to complain more. My complaint is about your tale of the "bedbug letter." This



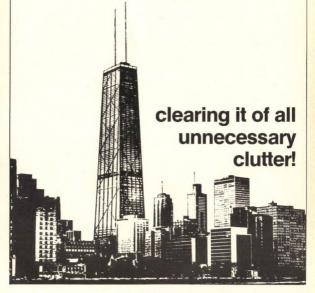
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Once aboard, you choose from a selection of seven different international entrées that can be matched only by Europe's finest restaurants. You can stretch out at your ease in your seat, and on

my giant 747 jets you can enjoy visiting the upstairs lounge. There is room for you to do some inflight paper work if you are an eager beaver businessman, or watch a movie or listen to any of five different stereo channels (82-50 for the earphones), or sip Rhine wine and watch my stewardsesse.

Either way you are refreshed when you arrive overseas and when you return home.

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LETTERS

one is at least as old as TIME. It used to inve a complaint about bedbugs in Pullman cars

ED DREWS

No Sex Symbol

Sir / I loved the article on "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Woody Al-len [July 3]. It was an experience. The man is a genius. When I finished reading the article, I wanted more and more. I wouldn't exactly call Mr. Allen a sex symbol, but I dig him as my new "mind symbol. DIANE ARONSON

Brighton, Mass.

Sir / In view of Woody Allen's expertise with "switcheroos," it seems obvious to me that the title of his new movie should be Everything You Always Wanted to Ask About Sex (But Were Afraid to Know).

JOHN CURRAN Bon Air, Va

Sir / The world seems as it should with Woody Allen on your cover Tadore him! GABE GIBBONS Houston

Sir / The question is not "Can Woody Al-len believe in God?" The question is "Can God believe in Woody Allen' C.P. WETHERHEAD Caldwell, N.J.

Sir / You could have told me everything I always wanted to know about Woody Allen without printing a single word

Sir / As Woody Allen's replacement as resident gag writer at David O. Alber Associates. I noted with interest your reference to Woody's starting salary of "a miserable \$25 a week." If it were not for Woody's hav ing prematurely left the company, thus cre ating an opening for me. I might not have been able to work my way up from office boy to my current position as office man In appreciation of Woody's unselfish con tribution to the furthering of my career. I would like to state publicly that he has a 20 years ago

MIKE ALBER

Hamburg, N.Y

David O. Alber Associates Inc

Inspired by a Miracle

Sir / "Low Blows from Munich" [June 26] left me slightly amused, especially at the statement by Olympic Official Willi Daume indicting Bobby Lee Hunter as a bad influ-

Well, I am a "youth," and I am inspired by the miracle that there are some imprisoned men, such as Bobby Lce, who can find the confines of our atrocious penal system! Not that I think Bobby Lee Hunter is

a saint But his earnest dedication to reha-

Sir I am a German citizen and I wish that Bobby Lee Hunter might be sent to the Olympics. I know the risk involved in sendals with gangsters."

narrow-mindedness is very deeply rooted.
At the same time I wish, too, that Hunter might become a sign of hope for all people in prison. JORG MAUZ

Sir / lagree with Mr. Daume, who says that an Olympic athlete should be an example to youth. Send an athlete like Bobby Lee Hunter after he has served his sentence. But never let him represent his country while he has not yet finished his term in prison.
JERRY H SMITH

Critics of the Moose

Sir / The Supreme Court's Moose Lodge decision permitting discrimination in pri-vate clubs [June 26] is an unfortunate one In many places, Oklahoma, for instance public bars are not permitted, and all liquor drinking is done in "private clubs" where they sell you a membership at the door. This decision legalizes segregation in all the drinking spots in Oklahoma.

MICHAEL LEAIRCHILD

Sir / Anybody "of good moral character. mentally normal and believing in the Supreme Being would not belong to the Loyal Order of the Moose.

MRS. WILLIAM BATY

How Many Slaughtered?

Sir / In your story "Border Ambush" [July 3], you say "Israeli jets raided Lebanon in an overreaction to two guerrilla attacks made the day before

enlighten an unenlightened Jew. How many Israelis have to be slaugh-

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BACARDI, rum. The mixable one.

If sugar is so fattening, how come so many kids are thin?

You've probably had people tell you they're avoiding this or that because it has sugar in it

If you want to see how much sense there is to that idea, next time you pass a bunch of kids, take a look. Kids eat and drinl more things made with sugar than anybody. But how many fail ones do you see

The fact is that there's no such thing as a fattening food, any more than there's one that can make you thin

If you constantly take in more food than your body needs, you'll probably get fat. If you eat a balanced diet in moderation, you

When your daughter gets in from a couple of hours of practicing her baton twirling, or your husband's sagging from finally

painting the upstairs bedroom, they're close to empty on readily available body fuel

That's when eating or drinking something with sugar in it can give you a new supply of body fuel. In not too many minutes they'll be ready to go again.

Sugar has a useful psychological effect, too. The good natural sweetness is like a little reward that promotes a sense of

Good nutrition comes from a baianced diet. One that provides the right amounts, and right kinds, aff protein, vitamins, minerals, fait, and carbohydrate. Sugar is an important carbohydrate. In moderation, sugar has a place in a balanced diet

Sugar, it isn't just good flavor, it's good food.



LETTERS

tered and permanently maimed to justify "reaction"—and how many slaughtered and maimed to result in "overreaction"? The Israelis, and not TIME, will deter-mine the worth of their butchered brethren

EDDIE GERSHATER

Sir / I am sure Premier Meir would appre-ciate your advice as to what would constitute a "normal" reaction to the guerrilla at tacks. And to the skyjackings. And to the airport massacre

And so would I State College, Pa.

Brave Endeavor

Sir / "TIME makes me sick." I said loud ly when I read your "Grave New World" [June 26] about World magazine.

I had expected you to encourage Nor man Cousins in his brave endeavor to start a new magazine. I had hoped it would be a "dead ringer" for our dear old "wordy and stodgy" Saturday Review and not at all like the present supermodern one from which Norman Cousins "stalked" away just in time—thank goodness.

MRS A STUART MACDONALD

Tacoma, Wash

Racnearo

Sir / As a black person who lived in the South during the early stages of integration. your article about those guilt-ridden whites who overreacted to the title The Legend of Nigger Charley [July 3] reminded me of inept elementary school teacher who changed the name of one of the animals pictured on her wall from raccoon to "racnegto" in order to "make 'them' feel welcome

DAVID L EVANS Assistant Director of Admissions

Harvard College Cambridge, Mass

Gloria's Hipbone

Sir / I do admire the beautiful and talented Gloria Vanderbilt [July 3], but quite hon-estly, I don't see anything the least bit attractive in that protruding hipbone. Jamesport, N.Y

Sir / It was a nice picture of the Glorious derbuilt. IN SWEENEY

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Silver Spring, Md.

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Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry

But as you can see in the picture. someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Known Soldiers

Construction is to begin in Arlington National Cemetery this autumn on the fourth Tomb of the Unknown Soldier—to be dedicated to the U.S. fighting men who have fallen in Viet Nam. There is a macabre hitch in the Army memorial agency's plans, though. Of the 45,810 Americans killed in Viet Nam between Jan. 1, 1961 and July 8, 1972.

all have been identified.

Two factors have created this pe-

culiar problem. Viet Nam is a smallunit war, where most of the fighting has involved companies in paddyfields and hamlets. In World War II, whole corps were at the front, with three to five divisions often on the attack at the same time. Thus several days-and several miles of terrain-could pass before the head counts began. Also, unidentified bodies as a rule were hastily buried in Europe, whereas in Viet Nam an identification team stays on the job until the dead are identified. Finally, the graves registration service has become more expert, tracing clues down to the number of gold inlays in a man's mouth. As one Army officer put it: "Americans are just better identified than they were. They are more fingerprinted and that sort of thing.

Arlington Engineer Bobbie R. Belter has not given up the Unknown Soldier project. Recently, Beller said: "We hope there won't be one, but... it's possible that one will be found in a final sweep of the battelleid: Belter added. "If not, the tomb will not be used." Parhous given belter belter added. The project of the foundation of the project of the project of the men who died there—known or not.

Peace Candidate Nixon

Is Richard Nixon the same sort of seacemaker as Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson? They are the only two American Presidents to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. Now Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott and Edtor Elizabeth MacDonald Manning of Finance magazine, a monthly for bankers and economists, are joining forces to nominate Nixon for the prize. In a recent editorial. Finance asserted: "Never a man to sit in a game with a weak hand, our President has put it all together. What the world has witnessed this year was the sudden conversion of an idealistic vision of peace into a more realistic version of working together instead of fighting wars." Members of any national legislature have the right to nominate Peace Prize candidates. Senator Scott points to Nixon's reduction of American troops in Viet Nam from 500,000 to fewer than 50,000, the SALT agreements with the Soviet Union as well as the historic visits to Russia and China, and the President's efforts to negotiate with the North Vietnamese for the release of American P.O.W.s. Involvement in war does not eliminate a statesman from consideration. Teddy Roosevelt rarely spoke as softly as he counseled other men to do, and he carried a sizable stick into Cuba and the Philippines. For all his pacific reluctance, Woodrow Wilson led the U.S. into the first World War. True, the Viet Nam conflict seems to be coming to an end and Nixon may even be able to announce a ceasefire before too long. But it seems highwould bestow its cherished prize on the man who is still overseeing the worst conflict since World War II.

Lunar Rip-Off

Apollo astronauts are permitted to "Personal preference kits," in which they put small souvenir items for themselves, families and friends. But NASA strictly forbids any commercial exploitation of such mementos. Last week, after an elaborate investigation, NASA announced that the three Apollo 15 astronauts, David Scott, James Irwin and Alfred Worden, had carried 400 unauthorized stamped envelopes to the moon and back. Through an intermediary, 100 copies of the moon mail were eventually purchased by a German philatelist named Hermann Sieger, who in turn sold 99 of them for a reported \$1,500 apiece Part of the money was to go into a

irisst fund for the education of the satisfaction. The astronaut's children. The astronauts began to feel a bit queeasy about the arrangement and finally cancelled plans for the trust fund. They never actually collected that the collection of the

The situation was embarrassing for everyone—except Philatelist Sieger. Last week the price of each piece of moon mail rose to \$1.760.



Out of obscurity.

St. George Prepares to Face the Dragon

The fecundity of the unexpected far exceeds the statesman's prudence.

—Proudhon

WITH a cool, shrewd assurance that astounded and dismayed longtime professionals in their party, the neophyte legions of George McGovern polished off a political miracle in the cramped but controlled atmosphere of Miami Beach's convention hall. The outsiders had barged through the gates of reform to lift the "prairie populist" from national obscurity to the Democratic Party's nomination for President in 18 amazing months. Exuberant only in the early morning hours of their champion's victorious entrance into the hall, they promptly and euphorically vowed to perform a second miracle: the defeat of Richard Nixon. That challenge is not only to the Republican President; it confronts the nation with a historic choice on the kind of society to

In his Messianic drive to unseat Nixon the minister's son from South Dakota faces even greater handicaps than he did in his astonishing march to the nomination. Although his party suffered no humiliation similar to the one caused by the street violence and turbulence of the 1968 Chicago convention, it emerged from Miami Beach badly split over McGovern's brand of populism and the reformist zeal of his insurgents in taking party control away from its veteran power brokers. At the same time, national approval of Richard Nixon's conduct as President is running at 56%, and a preconvention Gallup poll puts him 16% ahead of McGovern in a two-way race. His sensational summitry has earned widespread praise. even from Democrats. Nixon has skill-

fully used his presidential powers to take action that could attract traditional Democratic blocs to his side, including a his stand against busing and abortion and in favor of aid to parochial schools and relief of the property tas. He moved, however belatedly, to control infation, and he may get achieve a cease-fire in Viet Nam before Election Day, History too is on Nixon's side; no incumbent President since Herbert Hoover has lost a bid for a second term.

These formidable facts do not terrify either McGovern or the unorthodox, relatively inexperienced but toughly pragmatic men guiding his campaign. They claim that the conventional political wisdom about the self-interest of various voting blocs, whether labor, blacks, Jews, affluent suburbanites or white-collar professionals is no longer true, and that the blocs are merging into broader concerns that cut across the usual lines, and that regional affiliations are largely losing their meaning. There is a restless, undefinable yearning for change, they say, and it is producing what McGovern termed in his acceptance speech a political ferment comparable to "the eras of Jefferson, Jackson and Roosevelt." "We're just trying to ride the waves that are coming in. explains one of McGovern's top theorists. Fred Dutton, a lawyer who adised both John and Robert Kennedy

Fecilesaness. More specifically, Dutton claims that suburbanites and union members now find a new bond in their common concern about "instability, facelesaness and congestion" in U.S. society. "Psychic problems are rapidly outpacing economic concerns." The blue-collar workers are "increasingly young, black and female," he arages, and this means that "their con-

cerns are not at all what George Meany thinks they are." Thus, despite the open animosity of AFL-CIO President Meany and other Lator leaders, the McGiovern staff feels that the Senator can attract rank and file worker support. Dutton also expects McGiovern to taps sufficiently a general resentment against the powerleasness of individuals and ness and tabor so as to cut into traditional Republican strength in the sub-urbs, claiming. "That's where the battlefield is."

Less dependent upon the old coalitions and seeking to appeal to what Florida Governor Reubin Askew called in the keynote speech "a coalition of protest," the nominee's advisers see his specific proposals as part of an attempt to respond to the same kind of discontent and desire for change that Alabama Governor George Wallace so britingly ar-



CONNALLY & NIXON IN SAN CLEMENTE Ready for the unknown.

ticulated but did not satisfy. Thus, a basic thrust of the McGovern campaign will be to portray. Nixon as the champion of bigness—cliting, for example, the Administration's coziness with ITT officials—and as the most prominent representative of a political system that voters want to change. With the Administration depicted as deceptive, accretive and unwilling to "level with the people" the McGovern advisors feel people, the McGovern advisors feel by and soffly, will provide an effective contrast in character and style with Nixon and will appear more sincere.

The McGovern campaign will thus be directed as much to creating a mood of candor and receptivity to new ideas as to pushing specific proposals. Iron-ically, it will be similar to the person-ically, it will be similar to the person-injuv-oriented, almost evangelicial appeal for faith in a candidate that was naucucessful for Edmand Muske. Metable of the control of t

As the choice between Nixon and McGovern becomes clearer, the McGovern becomes clearer, the McGovern strategists predict, their man will pick up the support of the Old Guard Democrats whose egos are now brusted, as well as many of the Independents, whose votes can be decisive it is when general themes are translated into proposals for action writers, and McGovern has been unasually hold—if sometimes confusing—in detailing his programs. The McGovern advisers confusing—in detailing his programs, The McGovern advisers confusing—in McGovern advisers confus



THE NATION

tend that they have studies's howing that his call for a \$52 billion out in the defense budget and his plans for redstributing wealth by shifting the tax burden is far more popular than is generally but the proposed to the same time asks for more defense money. The key to acceptance of tax changes, they say, is "the break-off point" because the proposed to the pro

now say that only families earning at least \$20,000 will face higher taxes. Yet many of the McGovern tax proTop: Kennedy, Eagleton, McGovern addressing the convention. Bottom: Eagleton. Hubert Humphrey, Shirley Chisholm. McGovern. Henry Jackson, Edmund Muskie and Terry Santod in a show of unity.

posals are still in flux, and many analysis believe that he will have to hit at least the upper middle class taxpayers to the still a still a still a still a still a still suggests it his various spending programs are to be feasible. His call for the elimination of tax loopholes has not yet focused on precisely which ones would be axed: many of them benefit many more taxpayers than just the wealthy. Moreover, his proposals for a stiff rise (as much as \$17 billion) in corporate taxes could limit business investment, expansion and dividends. The prospect irghiens Wall Street, where a stock market decline is feared. Certainned that he high incomes now but aspire to the kind of wealth McGovern's tax program would limit. There also are

Hart on How to Beat Nixon

The principal communder of McGovern's national campaign will be Gary Hart. 34, the attractive Denwer lawyer who has been instrumental in winning his chief's amazing series of primary victories. In Miami Buech, he told TIME correspondent Dean Fischer and a group of TIME editors the outline of his strategy to defeat Richard Nixon:

■ ART insists that McGovern will not write off any region.

"We're going to analyze each state independently. There are changes in mood taking place that are difficult to analyze. Where the mood is right—and it seems to vary almost state by state—we'll go in and try to

The starting point for the strategy of concentration is the states that Hubert Humphrey won or narrowly lost in 1968, such as California and Pennsylvania. Then there are "second- and third-level states," as Hart describes them, where he believes Nixon is vulnerable and where McGovern could reverse Republican victories of 1968. Among them: Wisconsin and Oregon and possibly a couple of states in the South and in the Rocky Mountains. Hart professes to see hope for McGovern even in South Carolina. "I talked to Governor John West a couple of weeks ago, and he said that if we came in there and put together an organization like we've done elsewhere, we might even carry the state." In addition, Hart contends that McGovern's pollster, Pat Caddell, 22, has found evidence

of McGovern popularity among supporters of George Wallace. "All of our analyses show that for a lot of Wallace voers. McGovern was their second choice," says Hart. "Given enough time. McGovern would begin to crode Wallace's populist support. The Senator goes a giant step forward in answering the concerns that Wallace has raised."

Harit acknowledges the problems of seeking a reconciliation with the Daleys and Mennys, but he hopps for a back-scratching kind of relationship eventually: "I'd guess that Daley will at least remain neutral, or else give in some co-for Haris' optimism is that he perceives the Democratic opposition to McGovern to be psychological rather than ideological." It's a struggle for power and control." he explains "I's the old versus the new, the passing of an order. To a large degree, the opposition is transitional." Catdells polise ple who don't know who George McGovern is."

Hart wants McGovern to start campaigning before La-

bor Day in a low-key August campaign, avoiding big rallies and meeting voters informally. "The idea is that McGovern doesn't drop out of sight and concede exposure for six weeks to Richard Nixon," savs Hart.

While McGovern has problems of reconciliation with the old pro of the Democrate Party, he also has a few difficulties, with the kids who were attracted to him by his apparent ideological purity. Hart conceles that the changing nature of the campaign, the increasing sisolation of McGovern from his zealous admirers and his greater relance on older vectorans have had a negative impact. "There is some feeling that the campaign has got so big that it's lost its direction, if not its soul," he says. "A volunteer can no long the control of the con

utes the way he used to. In the next few weeks, we have to get the message across to the grass-roots workers that they will be needed." says Hart. "If they think we don't need them, then they don't need us. That word spreads very

and Money is another headache Anticposting a Republican Ritty of \$58 million to \$40 million, Hart is hoping the Democrate can raise \$25 million for McGovern. "It think we could defeat Nixon for under \$25 million." Of that. \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 could be raised by the direct-mail method used successfully during the primaries; another \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000 from small contributions, including concerts, or the successfully during the primaries anpless towns. About \$12 million would shall insists that McGovern is trying," to get awax from the idea that if you give a awax from the idea that if you give a awax from the idea that if you give a

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CAMPAIGN MANAGER HART

lot of money you get an ambassadorship," but he is confident that "it will be a lot easier to raise money against Nixon than it was raising money against twelve other Democratic candidates."

In Hart's judgment, the ultimate test is, how the svoters repond to the personalities of the two candidates. He sees advantages for McGovern in a race against Nixon. "The Republicans will be negative, hostile and acrimonious," he says. "McGovern will be emphasizing positive programs, hope and reconciliation if comes down to whether you like Nixon or you don't. His image is set. By the third week in October, I The polls will also McGovern running even. He'll try to pull a rabbit out of the hat, but what can he do? Go to the moon?

There are, of course, many things Nixon can do. Get the U.S. totally out of Viet Nam by November, for one. But Harl's optimistic views illustrate the unbounded confidence of the McGovern camp on the morning after triumph in Miami Beach.





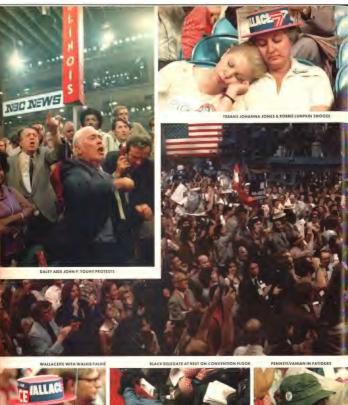








CALIFORNIA'S MARILYN PELKOFER FOLLOWS CREDENTIALS TALLY



















many who can be persuaded that defense cuts endanger national security.

Only the campaign and the election can prove whether McGovern's proposals are acceptable to the majority. The issues of 1972 alone will present voters with one of the clearest choices between candidates they have been offered since F.D.R. ran on his New Deal innovations against Alf Landon in 1936.

Yet it was organization, more than issues, that brought McGovern his nomination, and his army of enthusiastic grass-roots volunteers face an immensely more difficult task in organizing and canvassing a nation than they did in taking on primary states in sequence. So far, only about 15 key organizers are set to go. There is a strong network of massive manpower available at lower levels. however, in about 35 states, where Mc-Govern's superb organizations blitzed delegate caucuses and primary elections. The McGovern staff is trying to bring local candidates and professional politicians into his cause and will offer cooperative candidates the aid of this volunteer pool in their campaigns for lesser offices. The young enthusiasts will readily work with the regular Democratic organizations, Campaign Manager Gary Hart says, if they are wanted -and they will move in anyway even if they are not (see hox. page 10). He concedes, however, that they are not tough enough to contend with the outright opposition of rough ward captains in a place like Chicago if it should develop.

New Bullpark. Hart & Co. are placing much of their hopes for victory in a massive registration drive among the some 25 million young people between 18 and 24 who will be eligible to vote for the first time, partly because of the new 18-year-old voting age. The drive will be helped by a 1970 congressional act that outlaws residency requirements longer than 30 days in presidential elections. Those two legal changes mean, says Dutton, that "the shape of the ballpark has changed; past patterns are no longer valid." A study by Student Vote, a nonpartisan group trying to mobilize young voters, claims that if only half of the 25 million vote and just 60% of them choose McGovern, this would swing to McGovern six states (Tennessee, Alaska, California, Missouri, New Jersey and Ohio) that went Republican in 1968. If he held the Humphrey states, a shaky assumption. and added the six's 118 electoral votes. he would defeat Nixon.

There are, of course, multiple possibilities of error in such calculations. At the moment, for example, Illinois seems beyond McGovern's grasp without cooperation from Chicago Mayor Richard Daley Texas, which went for Richard Daley Texas, which went for cause of McGovern's liberalism and the blunt opposition of John Connally, the Texas Democrat who has defected to the Republican Administration

The Republicans will be moving just as energetically as the McGovern forces to marshal volunteers for similar gesout-the-vote drives. They will use their ample funding to dominate television and print appeals. Nixon is expected to wage a relatively dignified, "I am the President" campaign, avoiding the shrill law-and-order pitch that backfired in the 1970 congressional elections. He could come across as both more stable and wiser than McGovern.

Republicans and Administration spokesmen like Connally are already assailing McGovern as a radical whose policies are out of step with the majority of Americans. After the nomination. Connally conferred with the President at San Clemente, then termed McGovern's proposal on welfare reform "the height of fiscal irresponsibility," his deense cuts "a retreat from responsibility," and his world views "all too isolationist in character." To promise as

What will be tested is the McGovern thesis of the nature of the forces now influencing American voters. Certainly, there is widespread discontent and a feeling of frustration at the inability of individuals to affect national institutions. including Government. The McGovern drive has convincingly demonstrated that people outside organized politics can band together and natured politics can band together and representation of the companion of th

There may not be any decisive sentiment to fundamentally alter the U.S. economic and political system. The disgust with Viet Nam may not extend to the broader isolationist mood that Mc-Govern's defense policies and even his acceptance theme. "Come home. Amer-

MEANY DOESN'T SPEAK FOR ME

BLACK NON-DELEGATES IN STREETS PROTESTING LABOR'S CONVENTION ROLE
Other outsiders had barged through the gates of reform.

McGovern did in Minni Beach that he would get every U.S. prisoner out of Viet Nam within 90 days of his inaugaration. Connally said, was not only unfair because it would be beyond his power to achieve but also "sabotages the efforts of this Administration and the peace negotiations in Paris." McGovern bases the promise on his acceptance of the promise on his acceptance of released once the U.S. withforther with he will be released once the U.S. withforther with he will be released once the U.S. withforther with the will be released once the U.S. withforther with the without th

Nevertheless, as the more caudid republican strategies study the McGovern phenomenon, they are not at all as euphoric about the prospect of taking him on as they once professed to be As a highly partisan observer of the McGovern operation in Miami Beach, Interior Secretary Roger Scheller Learner and Company of the McGovern operation in Miami Beach, Interior Secretary Roger Colleges and the Teather and the Colleges and the Colle

ica." suggest. Perhaps all of the conventional political blocs still wield decisive electoral power—and are moving away from the Democratic Party. Or., even if McGovern is riding a movement as pervasive as his ardent advisers envision, the national electorate could find him inadequate to lead it.

In a year of political surprises, no one can be certain precisely what gravities are pulling the nation in which political directions. Only the campaign -and perhaps some totally unforeseen events-will determine whether Mc-Govern comes closest to reading the compass right. But the candid observation of McGovern's theorist Dutton is difficult to dispute. Says he: "The contest is between two candidates representing the classic WASP culture, competing in an atmosphere of volatility, unpredictability and alienation. It will be one of the most exciting roller-coaster rides ever.

Introducing...the McGovern Machine

Twas the 36th time that the Democrats met in convention since Andrew Jackson first called the faithful to Baltimore in 1832. But so unusual was the Democratic Convention that nominated George McGovern that it could have been the first one ever held.

Gone were the building blocks of tighty controlled state delegates answerable to political boxes, to old-line party discipline, to organized labor. Gone were the tight-lipped, gravel-the New Jersey, New York and Illinois delegations. Gone were the trapping a state of the New Jersey, New York and Illinois delegations. Gone were the trapping American politics. One waited for the pipe organ to sound, for the delegates mere their daylot to parade the hall.

There was none of that. There were no ranks of golf bags standing in the hotel lobbies, instead, the tennis course were crowded from sunup till dusk. The parties were few and saw little determined boozing but a lot of quiet talk in corners and a bit of freeloading by young delegates short of cash. Party leaders sweeping down Collins Avenue in their rented air-conditioned limou-

Beach like the hot, wet clouds that usually greeted delegates when they ventured outside the air conditioning. McGovern's astuck young organization, working through the spring, had sent whelming delegate total, turnlusingly close to the 1,509 needed for nomination would be decided not in the formal balloting on Wednesday sight word words with the conditional to the condit

The entire campaign narrowed down to the question of who owned California's 271 delegates. McGovern had captured all of them in the June 6 primary, according to California's winnertake-all law. But as the party's Credentials Committee met in Washington late last month, a stop-McGovern coalition formed, centered around Hubert Humphrey and organized labor; Edmund Muskie's supporters joined along with George Wallace, Washington's Senator Henry Jackson, Arkansas' Wilbur Mills and even New York's Shirley Chisholm. The "A.B.M. movement," some of them called it-"Anybody But McGovern.

In the Credentials Committee, the

man said hopefully, "he'll completely lose his momentum. That puts his whole count in question."

When the puzzle came to the convention floor, the McGovern organization's performance was a masterpiece of parliamentary infighting. After three days of agonizing over the question with the help of a team of parliamentarians, O'Brien ruled that only a majority of those voting—not 1,509—was necessary to decide credentials disputes.

Before California, a South Carolina challenge came up; the issue was whether nine women should be added to that state's delegation under the reform rules. Anti-McGovern forces hoped to contrive a final vote falling somewhere between 1,433 and 1,509, the so-called twilight zone. Then the A.B.M. forces could raise a point of order about what constituted a majority on challenges, thereby bringing O'Brien's ruling to a vote. In that event, all of the 3,016 delegates except those under challenge in South Carolina could vote on the question-making it much more difficult for the McGovern forces to muster the votes they needed. The majority determined by the South Carolina vote would set the rule for California. Said Kam-



"I understand the new politics now—they're in an' we're out."



"Convention hall, driver . . . and don't hurry!"

sines could pass up a sandaled, Tishirted hitchhiker only at their peril. Hev never knew whether he might be a key delegate. The violent tradition of Chicago was dead; the encampment of protesters in Flamingo Park was quiet, even a bit forlors.

In the convention arena, there was an air of gentleness despite the heat and pressures of political conflict, an air of almost studied politicals conflict, an air of almost studied politicness. The uncharacteristic courtesy and discipline, the responsiveness to the chair and the agenda, were succincity explained by one young McGovern delegate: "We're not here to hassle, but to nominate."

As the convention began, a curious air of inevitability hung over Miami

A.B.M. movement succeeded in nullilying California's winner-take-all rule. for the moment stripping McGovern of 151 delegates and sending the fight ultimately to the convention floor. There, the matter turned on legal niceties: Should McGovern's 120 delegates-the proportional share he was entitled to by winning 44% of the primary vote -be permitted to vote when the credentials question came up? And what would constitute a majority on the question-the 1,509 needed to nominate, or the 1.433 that represented a majority after the contested California delegates were subtracted? If McGovern won on California, he had the nomination. If he lost, Humphrey Aide Max Kampelpelman: "The twilight zone is us trying to play roulette."

McGovern's strategists, led by Campaign Manager Gary Hart, had been prepared for just such a maneuver. The week before. McGovern had met with Hart in Washington to work out the floor strategy. The candidate had issued one vital order: the floor leaders for the fight should not all be youthful members of McGovern's own staff but battletested convention veterans. Among the 23 chosen were Senators Frank Church, Fred Harris, Abraham Ribicoff and Gaylord Nelson, Wisconsin Governor Pat Lucey, South Dakota Lieutenant Governor William Dougherty, and Hart and Frank Mankiewicz







"Remember the good of Chicago days when they were outside raising hell and not inside voting?"

The floor leaders, each responsible in every state delegation. Moreover they were linked by telephone to McGovern's communications trailer, parked outside the convention hall, and to the candidate's "boiler room" at the Doral Hotel. McGovern Aide Rick Stearns briefed all the McGovern delegates for two hours before the convention, then spent another two hours instructing his 250 whips-one for every six McGovern delegates. Said Stearns: "We feared procedural chicanery

Although ideologically committed to getting more women seated on the South Carolina delegation, the McGovern agents had to be sure the vote was cither above or below the twilight zone As the vote proceeded, Stearns, who was sitting in the trailer outside, warned Hart on the floor that the count looked uncomfortably close. With that, Mc-Govern's aides began shaving their total, pulling votes away from the women's position in order to make their challenge lose by a sufficient margin. Humphrey's forces-and some TV commentators-at first read the tallies as an indication that McGovern was in serious trouble. From the floor, the A.B.M.'s Kampelman phoned back to the candidate's trailer: "They're switching their ayes to no. They don't have a majority of this convention. They're afraid

Only too late did the A.B.M.ers realize what the McGovern team was doing. They scrambled to adjust their votes to hit the twilight zone, but lacked the skill and muscle to bring it off. The women's South Carolina challenge lost by 1,555.75 (a majority of the delegates to the convention) to 1,429.05. Thus the anti-McGovernites could not raise their point of order; they had won a battle but lost the war. There was now no way to stop McGovern on California. Said Hart: "It was one of those times when politics is really fun. We played South arolina like a pipe organ.

Later, Kampelman told TIME's Neil MacNeil: "We were tempted to juggle the Ohio vote, but it was too risky. South Carolina felt very strongly about it. Governor West felt very strongly. We'd have risked victory on it." Interestingly, the new politicians were much more pragmatic. Although some women, including New York's Bella Abzug, objected angrily to the sacrifice of principle involved in the women's issue McGovern's men had no qualms about taking the expedient loss. Shirley Mac-Laine did her best to argue that surely there was no real choice between adding a few women to the South Carolina delegation and nominating McGovern. McGovern would probably have

won anyway; enough delegates had defected to McGovern to give him a startling margin on California even without the parliamentary maneuvering. When the California debate opened just after midnight, California Co-Chairman Willie Brown Jr. shouted: "Give me back my delegation!" Chants of "Give it back! Give it back!" were answered by cries of "No! No! No!" The brief outburst, one of the convention's few emotional displays, was hardly necessary. It was the last gasp of the stop-McGovern forces. In the final tally, 1,618.28 votes favored giving McGov ern back all of his 271 California delegates v. 1,238.22 against. With that, George McGovern's nomination was assured, even though the formal balloting was still two days away

Vengeance. The McGovern deletes, however, still had unfinished business. At 3 a.m., the convention took up the question of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's 59-delegate bloc, which had been challenged by insurgent Chicago Alderman William Singer, 31, for supposed violations of the reform rules. McGovern, knowing how badly he would need Daley's support to carry IIlinois in November, had been pushing for a compromise that would seat both Daley's and Singer's delegates with vote for each. But when Daley rejected that, McGovern's delegates were free to wield their newly confirmed power and, it may be, have their vengeance for Chicago, 1968. Daley and his slate were excluded-by 1.486.45 to 1,371.55. Daley was too prescient to give anyone the pleasure of seeing him thrown off the floor; he never came to Miami. The unscating of Daley raised again a fundamental question about the democracy of the party's new guidelines. At what point does the laudable idea of opening the party to women and minorities turn into a rigid and potentially tyrannical quota system? If a delegate slate, even one contrived by an old-line party boss, wins a majority at the primary polls, should it be discarded in favor of a slate that more strictly adheres to prescriptions of race and sex?

After the marathon credentials session, the convention took on an air of inexorability. At noon on Tuesday, "because I can count." Humphrey withdrew his name from the race. Fighting back tears, comforting his wife Muriel, Humphrey told reporters: "This has been a good fight." At 61, it was Humphrey's final farewell. As the 37-yearold mayor of Minneapolis, he had galvanized the 1948 convention with his pleas for civil rights; he had been thought too radical all through the '50s.

THE NATION

lost out to John Kennedy in 1960 and fived to finds himself rejected as L. B.J.'s contaminated lieutenant in 1972. It was a bit-ter denouement, and in private Humbrey was uncharacteristically vitrolic about it. Two days later he said. "They said in more Lumanimus, Well, they didn't make McGovern's nomination unanimus either. Notice that is."

Edmund Muskie also withdrew. "Let us recognize," he said, "that George McGovern's candidacy gives a hope for the long-term health and vigor of the Democratic Party and its processes far more significant than temporary difficulties and irritations from sometimes brash new blood." His leaving was ironic; he had begun 1972 as the front runner in the mind of almost every Democratic politician and political analyst. Although he had been on the point of endorsing McGovern several weeks before. Muskie clung to a stubborn hope. On Monday he tried to call a conference of all the candidates to reach a compromise on the California credentials, but McGovern brushed the idea aside.

With Humphrey and Muskie gone, Washington's Scoop Jackson doggedly remained in the battle, even though he had not won a primary. Predicting disaster if McGovern got the nomination. Jackson said: "I'm a former chairman of my party, and I don't recall that we've

George Wallace also remained, an unpredictable presence with the new and curious respectability of his near

and curious respectability of his near martyrdom. That night as the delegates convened again, Florida's Governor, Reubin Askew, 43, delivered a feeling keynote address. "It is impossible." as said, "to look upon this group without feeling that one has seen the face of America. Let us remember that this nation was founded on diversity, that our as well as weathers."

Flut. In something more than ritual confirmation of that theme. George Wallace was hoisted in his wheelchair month the stage to present his definalty divergent opinions on the party platform. He attempted a joke about having attended one too many political raillies they year; when I fell flat, he knew he was not among hit; and the lattended a many flat of the present the present of the p

lace began damning welfare and busing were the few cheers from Florida and other delegations answered with

hoos. The convention subsided again, greeting even Willace's malagrap about "intellectual pseudosnobs" with a bemused silence. Then the convention efficiently voted down every one of Wallace's minority platform planks—against busing, against a school-prayer amendment, against a plea for capital punishment, against a plea for capital punishment, against a crack-down on welfare cligibility.

The delegates listened to a parade of pleas for platform planks by homosexuals, advocates of abortion, and welfare organizers. Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, wearing a button reading TAKE THE RICH OFF WELFARE, argued for radical tax reform-a plank the convention rejected. Hour after hour, the session ground on, with the delegates resisting pleas for adjournment. When they were finished, they had adopted a very liberal, semi-populist platform. The order in which the disputes were handled served party unity and party image: Wallace's package was considered first, and the more controversial items such as abortion and gay liberation were taken up well after midnight, when most of the nation slept.

Eagleton: McGovern's Man from Missouri

WHIN the call finally came fale last week. Tom Eagleton had almost given up hope. The junior Senator from Missouri had been informed that he was on George McGoverns short list." of any of the standard of the standard short list. The standard short list is also to case the tension. His lame jokes were not half so funny as the fact that he was wearing unmatched shoes. Then next caged cat, twichting each time the telephone rang By 2 p.m. had grown testy and was convinced that he had testy and was convinced that he had so the standard shoes the standard shoes the same that show the same that is the same that the same that is the same that the same that is the same that the same that

been bypassed. Then, at 3:30 p.m., the call came. Hanging up, he embraced his wife Barbara and exclaimed: "It's great!

It's great!

Thomas Francis Eagleton has newe been anything but exuberant about
politics. His father, the late Mark Eagleton, made certain of that A prominent St. Louis attorney who once ran
unsuccessfully for mayor, the elder Eagleton invested his political ambitions
in his younger son. The indoctrination
was early and intensive. Tom Eagleton's
first exposure to national politics came
in 1940 when he accompanied his father to the Republican Convention in

Philadelphia Just ten, he manifested an early maveriek streak by differing with his father, a Missouri delegate who supported Wendell Willkie. Young Tom backed Thomas Dewey because, he says. 'The had better buttons.' As with the Kennedy clan, current events were table, and it was not too be been to the sapie tiar at the Engleton dinner table, and it was not too be considered to the sapie tiar at the Engleton dinner table, and it was not be considered to be considered. The recalls "The way other kids wanted to be farmers of firemen or cow-

When Tom was in high school, his father hired one tustor to broaden his son's knowledge of national and international affairs, another to teach mispacking. Then it was on to Amberst (cum laude), with a side trip to School (cum laude), with a side trip to Northwestern to take more speech ocurses. Al Amherst he was 'the Jim courses. Al Amherst he was 'the Jim courses. Al Amherst he was 'the Jim course of Amherst he was noted for his custom of faithfully reading five newpapers daily. He returned to St. Louis in 1933, joined his father's law firm and lout not inter plunging into politics.

At 27 he became the youngest candidate ever to he cleved St. Louis cardidate to the cleve to the particular to the cleve to t

MRS. EAGLETON & SON TERRY







The delegates-80% of them were attending their first convention-displayed a perseverance that astonished convention veterans. They paid attention to issues, argued them, voted and moved on. When the session ended at 6:24 a.m., it was the longest in the nation's convention history

The delegates' week was falling into a pattern-interminable night sessions sleep, afternoons of caucuses. Although Miami Beach is designed for leisure and indolence, it was put to remarkably industrious use. Some delegates plunged into swimming pools and the Fontainebleau's Boom Boom Room, some took in the Eden Roc's "Love Machine" erotica or listened to Pearl Williams, a roadcompany Sophie Tucker, at the Place Pigalle. But mostly they talked earnestly among themselves, taking endless notes. They seemed to treat Miami Beach as a curious rococo phenomenon. something beside the point In years past, stars like Shirley Mac-

Laine and Marlo Thomas would have been coveted decorations at a Mestastyle reception. This year Delegate MacLaine was enmeshed in party reform, and Marlo Thomas, Patty Duke and other celebrities worked the long nights at the convention hall. Two Mc-

Govern workers, Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, stayed mostly out of sight at McGovern headquarters. The bigparty syndrome seemed gone for the most part, a vestige of another kind of politics. Noted Eleanor McGovern's press secretary, Mary Hoyt: "I looked for invitations and you know, there weren't any. If there were, what would people think? That we were down here for a party?

The only hospitality suite in town guarded by armed, uniformed detectives was operated by the Committee for the Re-Election of the President on the sixth floor of the Fontainebleau's new south wing. There, in three adjoining rooms, the G.O.P. set up an observation post with seven telephone lines. an A.P. ticker, a supply of liquor, hors d'oeuvres, and 18 uniformed "Nixonettes." Interior Secretary Rogers Morton and Colorado Governor John Love came by to keep tab on the opposition. So did some Democrats, mostly Wallace supporters. After two days of oneration, the hired guards changed into more casual clothes, giving the area less of an armed-camp atmosphere.

McGovern remained ensconced in his suite at the Doral, surrounded by his five children, two sons-in-law and two grandsons. Assorted other sisters. a brother-in-law, aunts, nieces and nephews were scattered around the hotel-a total of 24 had assembled for this momentous chapter in the family history. On their first day in Miami Beach, staffers found Eleanor McGovern cooking bacon and eggs for the clan-a task soon taken over by Libby Strauss, a teacher of gourmet cuisine.

Off Stride, McGovern toured the delegation caucuses with other candidates, arguing his case. Before the credentials fight, says Gary Hart, "he was as apprehensive as I've ever seen him. It knocked him off his stride." As Mc-Govern monitored the battle on TV, he sat shoeless and tieless on a couch eating a T-bone steak and ice cream, and occasionally fondling his month-old baby grandson Matthew. At 3 that morning, Eleanor McGovern drove back to the Doral from the convention center: when she got there, she found that the candidate had gone to sleep.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, his nomination assured, McGovern labored over his acceptance speech. He had no shortage of suggestions. Old Kennedy Aides Adam Walinsky, Arthur Schlesinger and Richard Goodwin contributed ideas in lofty, cadenced prose. Campaign Speechwriter Robert Shrum submitted drafts; McGovern rejected all but a few ideas and an occasional phrase, preferring to write the speech himself on lined yellow legal pads-a

practice of Richard Nixon's.

The afternoon before the nomination, some 300 protesters appeared in the lobby of the Doral. They were incensed by a McGovern statement the night before to a group of P.O.W. wives. He had said that he would "retain the military capability in the region-in Thailand and on the seas-to signal and fulfill" his resolve to win the release of the prisoners. It was a curious inconsistency in McGovern's war position, an apparent apostasy from his vows of complete withdrawal. The protesters angrily called him on it, and McGovern explained that he would close U.S. bases in Thailand and remove all U.S. naval forces from waters adjacent to Southeast Asia once the prisoners were "free and those listed as missing were accounted for." When they went on to demand that he sign an S.D.S. proposal calling for life imprisonment of police officers who kill members of minority groups. McGovern said evenly: "I'm not going to sign it."

The presidential balloting Wednesday night had an air of anticlimax. Not all of the Old Politics was gone: as the states were called to declare their votes. delegation chairmen delivered their traditional commercials. Delaware was "the home of corporations, chickens, chemicals and charisma"; California was "the state that began the lettuce boycott"; North Carolina was "the summerland where the sun doth shine.

Despite an utter lack of suspense. delegates in the hall kept close tallies



savory dealings with the Teamsters Union. He met George McGovern soon after arriving in Washington, but the two men do not know each other well. Says Eagleton, with characteristic dif-fidence: "The longest conversation I had with him was one hour in the Senate steam bath in early 1969."

In the more formal climes of Washington, D.C., he is regarded as a strong opponent of the war and Pentagon over spending, and has helped press for stiffer environmental and consumer protection. Now 42. Eagleton has two children, Terry, 13, and Christin, 9, and a wife who figures to be an effective as well as a decorative addition to the campaign. When he was elected to the Senate. Eagleton announced: "I want to be regarded as a great United States Senator. I'd like to be re-elected three terms. acquire some seniority, get some good committees and hear James Reston or David Brinkley say some day, 'He's a pretty good Senator. He works hard at Now his ambition is that some day someone will say he is a pretty good Vice President



MANKIEWICZ IN CREDENTIALS FIGHT
Outside the twilight zone.

of the vote, as did Eleanor McGovern. who appeared at the convention center to savor the moment. McGovern stayed at the Doral, tracking the ballots, fiddling with the television dial. "Illinois will put us over," said Yancey Martin, McGovern's black director of minorities. It was a small irony that McGovern soared over his required 1,509 with the Illinois delegation that he had rather reluctantly claimed from Richard Daley. In the hall, a brief, almost polite pandemonium broke out and then subsided. McGovern smiled in his hotel room, shook hands with his staff and kissed his relatives, murmuring "Thank you." He betrayed his emotion only by a small, unmistakable sign: his blue eyes were brighter than usual. Before the vote-changing started, the total for Mc-Govern was 1,728.35. When it was over, the tally for McGovern was 1,864.95; Jackson, a surprising second, had 485.65; Wallace had 377.50; Chisholm, North Carolina's Terry Sanford, Humphrey, Muskie, Wilbur Mills and Eugene McCarthy trailed behind.

Even before McGovern's formal anointment, the real suspense was over his choice for a running mate. McGovern himself was in considerable suspense on the matter. His first choice was clearly Edward Kennedy, even though there was some conjecture that McGovern had misgivings about a ticket in which the No. 2 man would be so much more glamorous than the presidential candidate Kennedy had spent the convention week sailing in his 54-ft. sloop off Hyannisport, repeating insistently that he would refuse any national office. Among his numerous reasons: his family's concern for his safety, antic-

ipation of highly personal campaign attacks about Chappaquiddick, a hunch that 1972 would not be a Democratic year, and a sure knowledge that the vice presidency would be a dreary, frustrating job. "Within two years," said a friend. "Vice President Kennedy would be a sad-eyed, overweight drunk."

Just after Illinois made McGovern's victory official. Kennedy placed a ritual call of congratulation to McGovern. McGovern offered the second spot, not very insistently, and Kennedy refused, giving boosts to Arkansas' Wilbur Milkand Boston's Mayor Kevin White.

Next, McGovern talked to Humhrey "George put it to me straight." Humphrey later told TiME's Hays Gorey. "He didn't beg me or implore me, but he asked me. I told him just as plainly that I could not and should not." Mc-Govern went to sleep for the night.

In a series of meetings next agasome 25 new possibilities were suggised, including three blacks and several women The list was pared to Lawrence O'Brien. Sargent Shriver, Kevin White, Wisconsia Governor Pat Lucey, Connecticut Senator Abaham Ribecoff, Minosouts Senator Walter Mondale and Missouri Senator Tom Egleton. McGovern was looking for a man who had identification will a sum of the presidency and a national rather than a regional appeal. Catholicism was understeed to the first of the contraction of the contrac

At 12:30 p.m., the nominee put out a feeler to Mondale. The Minnesotan let McGovern know that he wanted to run for re-election to the Senate. Next he called Ribicoff, who also demurred. preferring, at his age, 62, to remain in the Senate. Again McGovern tried, this time telephoning Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson; again he was rebuffed. Nelson said that he had promised his wife he would remain in the Senate. During yet another afternoon call, Mc-Govern informed Kennedy that he was still serious about Kevin White, who had already told McGovern he was available. Delighted, the mayor made tentative arrangements to fly to Miami with Kennedy. But rumbles came back from the Massachusetts delegates; many threatened to boycott the convention hall if the choice was White, a Muskie supporter who had fought sharply with the McGovern slate during the primary. White was dropped

Borkhed. By 3 m. the oddly bothed courts join came to an end. "It's going to be Tom Engleton," McGovern tool his staff." Left-sput in a call to him." Engleton is a bright, young (42) Borderstate Catholic with a strong liberal record and ties to labor tase puge 20). This time there was no hitch. Several days before, Engleton had told anyone with careful and the staff of the staff

After the untidy fumbling, McGovern's acceptance speech that night

might have been reasoning to some members of the party—and might have won him some new sympathizers and initially. The trouble was that most of the nation was already lest asteep by another long parliamentary struggle broke out over whether the convention-should adopt parliamentary struggle broke out over whether the convention-disately or. as McCiovern wished, wait until 1974 in order to avoid unful ending to the convention of the conventi

Prankish. The delegates maintained an appealing independence, even from their nominee. They insisted on nominating eight candidates for Vice President, including not only Eagleton but also Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel, former Massachusetts Governor Endicott Peabody and Texas State Representative Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold. By the time the roll call finally began, the delegates were in a prankish mood. casting ballots for TV's Archie Bunker. Martha Mitchell and CBS-TV's Roger Mudd. It was, said Mankiewicz, "like the last day of school." Because the clerk misheard a name, one vote was even recorded temporarily for Mao Tsetung. Finally, in a grace note that brought the convention to its feet cheering, the Alabama delegation cast all of its 37 votes for Eagleton, explaining that had Wallace been the nominee, he would have wanted the right to select his own running mate and McGovern deserved no less. When Eagleton was at last confirmed, it was 1:40 a.m.

Late in the afternoon, Kennedy flew by private jet to Miami Beach. Arriving on the podium after Eagleton's speech, Kennedy drew the convention's first display of unmitigated warmth, a roaring standing ovation. Then, in a powerful speech written by Richard Goodwin, Kennedy delivered an evangelistic plea for unity. He sounded less boyish than he used to, speaking in driving cadences reminiscent of his brothers and somewhat of F.D.R. His rhetoric seemed rotund in comparison to McGovern's prairie tones. "For there is a new wind rising over the land," he said. "In it can be heard many things. promises anguish, hopes for the future, echoes of the past, and our most cherished prayer, America, America, God shed his grace on thee." In an insistent litany, he invoked the deeds of past Democratic Presidents-Jackson, Wilson. Roosevelt, Kennedy and even Lyn-

Then, with a tribute, he brought on George McGovern. For the candidate, it was the end of a long, improbable coad, and he sayored the moment. "My nomination." he said, "is all the more precious in that it is a gift of the most open political process in all of our political history. It is the sweet harvest of the work, of tens of thousands of tire-less volunteers, young and old alike ... As Yeast put it. Think where man's glory most begins and ends! And say

my glory was I had such friends."

He called for party unity, praxing not only Humphrey and Muskie and Chisholm and Mills. Sanford and McCarthy, but also George Wallace—"his votes in the primaries showed clearly the depth of discontent in this country, and his courage in the face of pain and adversity is the mark of a man of bound-less will."

It was Nixon, said McGovern, who would be "the unwitting unifier and the fundamental issue of this campaign. Then he aligned his themes for November: truth in Government, and above all an end to the war. At the same time, McGovern attempted to calm fears that his defense cuts would disarm the nation. "It is necessary." he said, "in an age of nuclear power and hostile forces, that we be militarily strong. America must never become a second-rate nation." He also promised to preserve the "shield of our strength" for "old allies in Europe and elsewhere, including the people of Israel." It was, among other things, a politic gesture to make, considering the widespread suspicion among Jewish voters that McGovern is "soft on Israel.

Nome. But above all, McGovern went on, national security means money for domestic priorities—schools, health, the cities, the environment, the jobless, for whom the Government would be an employer of last resort, More jobs, he said, would depend primarily upon a reinvigorated private economy. Thus, while promising well-fare and tax reform, he sought to re-

assure business.

His peroration sounded like the making of his campaign slogan, "Come home. America." Almost rhythmically, he chanted: "From secrecy and deception in high places, come home, America From a conflict in Indochina which maims our ideals as well as our soldiers, come home, America. From the waste of idle hands to the joy of useful labor. come home, America. From the prejudice of race and sex, come home, America." It was a mélange of Martin Luther King ("We have a dream") and Robert Kennedy ("to seek a newer world"), with a paraph by Woody Guthrie ("This land is your land, this land is my land"). Above all, it was perhaps as pure an expression as George McGovern has ever given of his particular moralistic sense of the nation

To TSME's Hugh Sidey, a veteran watcher of Presidents and candidates, that moralistic sense is vital to understanding George McGovern and the kind of candidate he will be Reported Sidey. "McGovern may not be a card-carrying Methodist or what could technically be called a Christian, but he believes devoutly in the prescription of the Bible. There shall be no war, 'feed the Bible. There shall be no war. 'Feed the Bible. There shall be no war. 'Feed the there shall be not war. 'Feed the completely in Miami Beach it was like Sides of all gain your own soul by guing it completely in Miami Beach it was like S. John the Baptst on Collins Avenue.

"It is a quality that made Bobby Kennedy once say that McGovern was the only decent man in the Senate. It could win him the presidency, and it could destroy McGovern if it ever got out of hand and became a negative force of self-righteous indignation. Sometimes when he talks there is a faint whilf of William Jennings Bryan about him, of standing on the Lord's side.

"With his call to arms. McGovern will mis some carefully calibrated outrage against Richard Nixon, the Prince of Darkness himself. In its way, Mc-Govern's campaign will be old-fashioned, searching back to the founding fathers for mottoes with which to face the future. And if it goes as the Mc-Govern strategists believe it will go, the campangn will be a spiritual adventure."

When McGovern's speech was over, Humphrey and Muskie, Chisholm, Sanford and Jackson all clasped hands in a tableau of party unity; only Jackson looked, at first, dyspeptically suspicious. As McGovern knew, that array of unity could not conceal the deep fissures that divide the party. Actually, there are two Democratic parties now. One was in the convention hall, relishing its ascension to power. The other, beaten and bitter, was on the sidelines. It was not just Richard Daley, but included scores of Democratic Governors, Senators, Congressmen, state party chairmen, local officeholders-all the regulars unhorsed by the McGovern reforms and outorganized by what is now the Mc-Govern machine. Only 19 of the nation's 30 Democratic Governors came to Miami Beach, and none played a sig-

nificant role. As Eagleton noted earlier last week, most of his colleagues have "become paranoid because they think we're headed for

disaster."

For all their show of solidarity, a certain sourness and apprehension remained among the losing presidential candidates. Said Humphrey: "I think George made a great mistake with Mayor Daley. Dick Daley is a proud man. sensitive. That organizational support out there is essential. George is going to have to reach an agreement with Daley if he is to carry Illinois. It's going to be difficult to do now." somewhat wistfully. Humphrey added: "Well, these new people-they're establishment now. It happens fast. We'll see how they like Between now and November. McGovern faces the task not only of defeating Richard Nixon but also of keeping together enough of the old Democratic coalition to prevent a ruinous shattering.

At the end of the convention last week, McGovern tried to take the first steps. As is customary, the nominee offered his choice for a new slate of officers for the Democratic National Committee. McGovern wanted Chairman Larry O'Brien to stay on, even though some of the Senator's staff objected. Strongly believing that the Mc-Govern ticket is doomed this fall O'Brien refused the offer. In his place, McGovern proposed Mrs. Jean Westwood, a savvy Utah national committeewoman who ran the McGovern citizens' movement in 17 Western states. McGovern wanted her partly because she is a woman, but also because her ties to regulars, including labor leaders, are excellent.

In the style of the Old Politics. Mrs. Westwood was confirmed without a whisper of dissent. Then McGovern offered his choice for vice chairman: Pierre Salinger. With that, Charles Evers, the black mayor of Fayette, Miss., challenged the nominee, insisting that former New York State Senator Basil Paterson a black, be named vice chairman. After an awkward moment. Salinger withdrew his name from consideration, and Paterson was elected. It had been George McGovern's turn to feel the force of the New Politics. The incident may have been a mild caution for the nominee. As James H. Rowe. an old professional from the F.D.R. days, observed: "The old bulls never guit until the young bulls run them out. The old bulls are dead, but don't forget that the young bulls eventually become old bulls too.

WESTWOOD & PATERSON WITH McGOVERN



RADICALS

Flamingo Park Jamboree

For weeks an aura of impending mayhem hovered over Miami Beach. Residents were openly jittery about claims that up to 10,000 militant protesters would storm the city during the Democratic National Convention. As it happened, the feared invasion was more carnival than confrontation. Fewer than 4,000 "non-delegates" showed up. With the approval of the city fathers, they unfurled their bedrolls in Flamingo Park, seven blocks from the convention center. The armies of the New Politics looked anything but menacing. Saffronrobed Hare Krishnas jingled and danced next to the Young Socialists. Satanists tossed Frisbees with the Jesus people. Half a dozen young stragglers took refuge under a spreading shade tree, stuck up a crayoned POI PEOPLE'S PARTY sign, and soon found that they had the largest group in the park. Exclaimed one young Democratic worker who had spent months planning for the expected crunch of street people: "It looks like a Boy Scout jamboree

Jeff Nightbyrd of the Youth International Party explained: "There aren't any real villains here at the Democratic Convention." In marked contrast to the club-wielding cops at the 1968 Chicago convention, Miami Beach Police Chief Rocky Pomerance worked closely with protest leaders. Most important.

the Democrats had changed into a party with a broader base. Not only did the Democrats nominate an antiwar candidate, but members of the protest groups who stormed the barricades in Chicago were now inside the convention hall. Said Yippie Leader Abbie Hoffman: "I'm groovin' on democracy! This thing really freaks me out!

What little serious political action there was came from a coalition led by the National Welfare Rights Organization. They marched on the empty convention center, took over the hall and demonstrated for nearly two hours.

Protest leaders promise bigger things at the Republican Convention in August. As if to underscore the point, late last week six leaders of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War were indicted in a Tallahassee, Fla., federal court for plotting to "maliciously damage and destroy, by means of explosive devices, buildings and persons" during the G.O.P. convention.

DISSIDENTS

The Wallace Factor

The Wallace delegates were bugeved. There on the podium at the convention was a certified member of Gay Liberation nonchalantly addressing the party while a small claque cheered him on "Goddam," said Jess Lanier, mayor of Bessemer, Ala., though the gay plank

did not pass. "Goddam. If that's what they're going to talk about, we're never going to get this party together again. They haven't got a dog's chance of electing a President on this plat-

form. Damn, do they need Wallace! Which is just what Wal-

lace is counting on. No one can predict what the rambunctious Governor, even confined to a wheelchair, will do. His campaign manager, Charles Snider, says that Wallace may lead a third party in 1972, and Wallace has been invited to give the keynote address at the American Party Convention next month. But this is probably no more than a threat to keep his leverage within the Democratic Party

The surprisingly big primary vote that he won convinced Wallace that he speaks for the average man. He does not want to forfeit all the credits he has built up within the party. While endorsing neither McGovern nor Nixon, he will play his own game, aimed at helping local Democratic candidates who stand closer to him than to McGovern. Particularly in areas where the party's probusing platform will be a candidates may call on Wallace. He fully expects McGovern to lose badly; then he hopes the party will be restructured more to his taste

He still harbors the desire to become President, and that could be accomplished, if ever, only within the Democratic Party. The attempt on his life, as much as the primary votes he got, has given him a credibility and a respectability he did not have before. He is no longer a regional fringe candidate. As he says: "The other candidates are speaking in different tones of voice about me than they did four years ago. Despite the trauma of the shooting, both Wallace and his wife Cornelia show signs of boredom with provincial life in Montgomery and appear to yearn for a larger stage.

The biggest deterrent to his ambitions remains, of course, his physical condition (see MEDICINE). Wallace is far too weak to think seriously of launching a third-party campaign. Some of his aides suggested a media campaign that would let the Governor stay at home in his wheelchair, but that is not his style. If he led a third party, he might take electoral votes in the South away from Nixon, and keep enough conservative northern Democratic voters from switching to Nixon to give McGovern a chance in states like Michigan. That he intends to remain a good Democrat is bad news for McGovern.

Toppling the Titans

been unthinkable to treat those two titans of Democratic politics-AFL-CIO President George Meany and Chicago Mayor Richard Daley-with anything but deference and respect. Between them, they were supposed to hold the balance of victory and defeat for the presidential nominee. Yet last week the unthinkable happened. Meany and Dalev were not only slighted, they were not in evidence at the convention and openly mocked. The nominee himself set the tone when he told reporters that he did not think it would be "fatal" if Meany and Daley failed to endorse him. "I don't think my chances of winning the election depend on unanimous support of the little oligarchy at the top. If they did. I would never be where I am now because I certainly haven't had much help from them along the way."

How McGovern gets along without Meany and Daley will be the ultimate test of the New Politics. If McGovern can win without them, he will have proved that a candidate can bypass such traditional intermediaries and go directly to the people. He will have shown both the labor hierarchy and the bigcity machine to be in a more advanced state of decay than anybody had thought. At this point it looks as if Mc-Govern will have to do without their



At past conventions it would have

TIME, JULY 24, 1972



DALEY AT 1968 CONVENTION IN CHICAGO The silence was ominous.

services. Both Meany and Daley have made it clear that they have been mortally offended, and neither is one to forgive or forget an insult, much less a public humiliation.

This man's ideas aren't liberal." growled Meany last week. "This man's ideas are crazy." Meany's anger has been building up. It is not just that he objects to McGovern's positions on such issues as pot, abortion and the Viet Nam War. He has also developed a distrust of the candidate that aides feel can never be dispelled. The antagonism dates back to 1962, when McGovern ran for the Senate from South Dakota, Hardpressed for cash in a tough campaign, he asked the AFL-CIO for a \$30,000 loan. The request came to Meany, who ordered: "Give him the money." With that. Meany concluded that he had another Senator who was safe for labor.

That turned out to be only partly true. McGovern dutifully voted the labor line much of the time, but he flunked one crucial test. He voted against cutting off a filibuster that was preventing a vote on repeal of the rightto-work provision of the Taft-Hartley Act-a sacred matter with labor. He subsequently cast many other votes that were considered anti-labor. To Meany. he was an ingrate. He made no notable effort to conciliate the labor chieftain. Typically, he said that since he had made a mistake on right-to-work, Meany should confess that he had been wrong about the Viet Nam War. By convention time. Meany was mad enough to have the AFL-CIO distribute a 46-page attack on McGovern's legislative record -as if McGovern were the Republican presidential candidate. Most of the rest of big labor is following Meany's lead Unless he relents, they will not yield, erther. It could cost McGovern help at the polls as well as \$5,000,000 in labor campaign funds. Initially, Daley was not as angry at



MEANY IN MIAMI BEACH HOTEL LOBBY The distrust was deep.

McGovern as Meany was McGovern did not encourage delegates to file in his behalf in Chicago; he wanted the mayor's support if it was at all possible. But he forfeited it when Daley's delegates were replaced at the convention by the challengers, including some of the mayor's sworn enemies, among them Alderman William Singer. Watching the proceedings from a distance at his summer home in Michigan, the mayor maintained an ominous silence while his supporters vowed that they would never back McGovern. Said Chicago Alderman Vito Marzullo: "Only the Lord or Mayor Daley could activate me for McGovern

At this point the Lord would be the ter bet. "To Daley," says an aide, better bet. "McGovern is the classic Methodist -the kind of guy who doesn't sweat. No one is more difficult for an Irish Catholic to get along with than one of those non-sweating Methodists." As deyout a Democrat as he is a Catholic. Daley would agonize over abandoning the presidential nominee. But short of that drastic step, there is plenty he can do to express his displeasure with Mc-Govern. He can cut off Cook County funds to McGovern or hamper the distribution of his literature or harass his workers. On Election Day, Daley's precinct workers will be strategically stationed at polling places. Conceivably. Daley's services may not be as indispensable as they once were-at least so the McGovern forces hope. A group of reformers called the Independent Precinct Organization, led by Bill Singer, have developed a grass-roots organization that has proved as effective as Daley's in some local races. If it can be mobilized for McGovern, it might do the work that Daley seems likely to shun. Then, too. Daley might eventually

be moved to help McGovern-a little. If Meany and Daley remain hostile to McGovern in the campaign or are at least neutralized. President Nixon has an advantage he would not have dreamed possible before the convention. Spokesmen for the Old Politics though they may be, the two bosses have enormous appeal for a large part of the electorate-the "ethnics," the kind of voter that was underrepresented at the Democratic Convention and is likely to resent McGovern. If these voters switch to the Republicans in large numbers, a sizable chunk of the Democratic coalition will disappear. Would Meany and Daley, loyal Democrats all these years. welcome such a development? In the past, they have taken exception to the President. Yet they have also learned to live with him, though not very comfortably. They are not sure they would be as comfortable with McGovern, who so far has made life distinctly troublesome for them. They might be willing to wait out another four years of Republican rule in order to get the kind of Democrat they want. It is Candidate George McGovern's task to convince them that it is not worth the wait that even if he is not their kind of Democrat, it is still in their interest to support him in the coming campaign.

THE DELEGATES

Eve's Operatives

Gazing around the convention through her blue-tinted glasses, Gloria Steinem pronounced with satisfaction: We've changed the population here. It almost looks like the country." she meant was that women are 52% of the nation's population, and last week close to 40% of the convention delegates were women-a dramatic jump over their 13% representation at the 1968 Democratic Convention, Decorative as the women were in their bell-bottom trousers, miniskirts, jeans and hot pants, they were not there to be on display but to seek power. Except for a couple of setbacks, they got enough to satisfy and even surprise them. The National Women's Political

Caucus had worked hard to get women elected as delegates under the liberalized McGovern-Fraser Commission rules. At the convention, they turned up everywhere in positions of power on the Credentials Committee, the Rules Committee, the Platform Committee. They came in all sizes, ages and accents. They ranged from Katherine Harjo, 17, a Seminole Indian from Oklahoma to Jessie Sanders, 79, a political pro from South Dakota. The con-

THE NATION

vention's co-chairman. Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, a black running for Congress from California, wielded the gavel with muscle, tact and a winning smile. Delegates were careful to address her as "Madam Chairwoman," or, at least once, as "Madam Chairperson." Representative Shirley Chisholm of New York won a small but loyal following for her presidential candidacy. Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold, a Vassareducated Texan who ran well for Governor earlier this year, was nominated for Vice President and came in second to Eagleton. On the convention's last night. Jean Westwood of Utah, a Mormon who served as one of McGovern's floor managers, was elected the first woman Democratic national chairman. Male delegates were sufficiently on

guard not to begin a talk to women with such traditional lines as "You lovely ladies" or "What feminine pulchritude." Even the slightest slip of the tongue by the best-meaning male brought swift retribution. At one of the sessions of the Women's Caucus. McGovern was introduced by Liz Carpenter with the

compliment: "We are all here because of him." Trying to make a joke, McGovern replied: "The credit should go to Adam." Seeing nothing funny, the women hissed until he pleaded: "Can I recover by saying Adam and Eve?" Shouted an alternate delegate: "Make it Eve and Adam."

Unsisterly. Not all the women delegates were so faithful to Eve. Some wore conventional street-length dresses. studiously ignored the militants, deferred ostentatiously to men and even attended a fashion show. At one caucus, Minnesota Delegate Yvette Oldendorf, smartly attired in a pantsuit, rose to protest: "I find it an extreme insult to suggest that women delegates should be attending style shows while the men attend to the business of the convention," prompting the remark: "My God, it sounded like she was saving. They are slaughtering Christians down on 34th Street." Militants took action against women they considered to be traitors to their sex. Those who stayed at the Playboy Plaza proselytized the bewildered Bunnies as earnestly as the lesus freaks buttonholed passers-by on the streets. When a prostitute scrounged a pass and started to solicit on the convention floor, she was promptly expelled.

Womanpower produced a comprehensive party plank calling for an end to discrimination against women in every imaginable area. But the plank was most conspicuous for what it omitted: any mention of abortion, the central issue for today's politicized woman. It gave the women delegates a lesson they are not likely to forget in practical polities that knows no sex. Trying to get a pro-abortion minority plank adopted, they met resistance from the McGovern forces, who were determined to keep the sensitive issue out of the campaign. The women were already smarting from McGovern's failure to support on the floor their challenge to the South Carolina delegation, which they said lacked a sufficient number of women. In the caucus, McGovern had said that he "fully and unequivocally" backed the women on South Carolina Betts Friedan complained: "We were cynically missed." Now they were outraged and in the case of Gloria Steinem, tearful with rage. Calling the McGovers uperatives "bastards," she had to be defrom the floor in the middle of the absortion debate.

The women were surprised and distressed by a right-to-life speaker. St Louis Attorney Eugene Washs who proclaimed "We want our young as he to be born. If we adopt a report that gives approval to snuffing out life meagres you want to be extinguished." Argued Delegane lennifer Wilke: "The freedom of all people to control their own fertilits must be an exential human and health such

After Shirley MacLaine gave a speech that seemed to support McGovern's position, Bella Abzug contronted her. "A sister never goes against a sister," boomed Bella, undaunted by her 2-1 loss to Congressman William Fitts Ryan in the New York primary This cannot be tolerated." Retorted Shirley "Sisters have a right to have pragmatic politics as well as personal principles' After Bella stormed off. Shirles remarked: "She's getting to be more theatrical than I am. Jesus Christ, every time the red light goes on, she gets un there and does her number I guess I'm getting into her profession, so she's getting into mine." Liz Carpenter was philosophical. "If we'd waited until we all loved one another, we'd never have taken Bunker Hill

Spurred by their success at the contention, the women are eager for itsure battles. They are laying plans to claim a bigger share of American political life. With the experience of the convention behind them, many women are planning to run for public office. "Women must be almost 40% of the delegates: sus 1 rue dan, "but that doesn't mean we have additionally the content of the contention of of the con

How the Young Saw It

In demeanor, resiliency and immeination, the number of young deseates at the Democratic National Convention brought treshness to the old publical process. For four young Democratic delegates attending their lust convention, the experience was an adventure into the unknown Their resections.

SALLY PER, 22. Georgia, a sensor mather rollton, Ga., first thought of running for delegate last February when a hatory professor suggested it to the rand everal other students. We thought for heaven's sake, that can't be possible. That's strictly for the old people. The was elected largely with student student.



DELEGATE CHEERING CREDENTIALS DEBATE



WOMEN OF COLORADO DELEGATION

She all but swooned when she first entered the convention hall: "Everything was on high, so big, I was lost. There were people everywhere, It was so exciting. If you could breathe in the atmosphere, I was doing it. My hands were shaking, I got so confused. I tried to write with my cigarette and smoke my pen," When the colors

shaking. I got so contissed, through the with my cigarette and smoke my pen." When the colors were presented, "waves of patriotism swept over me. I hadn't sung *The Star-Spangled Banner* since grammar school, It felt real good, I actually got chills."

After days of caucusing in stuffy rooms and long nights in the convention hall. She came to realize that democracy in action is not all chills and thrills. "At first I felt strange. I thought, 'Everyone

knows what's going on and I don't. Then I started to listen to the speakers but when I looked around not another soul was listening." A McGovern supporter, she says of the vote that ousted the Illinois delegation headed by Chicago Mayor Richard Daley: "I couldn't understand why anyone would vote for Daley. But someone explained to me that there's a lot of party structure left.
I didn't know that." She also discovered that Georgia's old guard was more flexible than she had thought. "At first they were skeptical about the young delegates. They thought we were in it for a lark. Now they take us more seriously. There's been a change

TID PILLOW, 20, IOWA. vividly recalls the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. He was one of the protesters cousted the hall, taunting police, throwing rocks, breaking windows and fleering down side streets. Last week in Miami Beach he was sitting inside the convention hall as a member of the lowa delegation. He prefers, he says, his 1972 style of political expression: "It's just as much fun, in a conservative way, and the sastisfaction lasts longer."

Raised in a black ghetto in Chicago, he is attending Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa. He worked as a \$2.50an-hour janitor this spring to help pay his way to the convention. On arrival, his visions of "big lights, luxurious seats, girls all over that you could pick up, free drinks, big parties up and down the halls of the hotel" were quickly shattered. He found that "the seats are hard. you can't see and I haven't had any time for even a few beers. There hasn't been a single party, just sleep, a state caucus and then over to the convention hall. And I haven't found a single girl to take out since I've been here.

His belief in the disappearance of smoke-filled rooms was also destroyed when the lows delegation held a rump caucus in an attempt to block McGovern. "I was angry and frustrated," says "Pillow." Instead of honestly supporting a person or an idea, there they were conspiring to knife somebody else." When the full delegation caucused, Pillow and not mounced: "I'm tried of these back-room mounced." The rite of of these back-room



GERALD LAMB OF MICHIGAN



TED PILLOW OF IOWA



SALLY PER OF GEORGIA Getting chills.

deals. I won't stay in a hypocritical system that says it has reformed itself and then continues in its off ways." The experience left him "a little more realistic, a little wiser and a little distillusioned. The rules have been changed to allow fair participation, but there are still plenty of people who are manipulators. All we've got to do is get better people, young people, into the party mechaaround. Here I am, voiring against Mayaround. Here I am, voiring against Mayuc and os iomething to change the system if you really want to."

GERADIAMS, 25, Michigan, is apartime junior high school band director and a full-time backer of George Wallace. He's a funtassic man, "says Lamb." If you're not for him, you are after the properties of the prop

For Lamb the high point of the con-

vention came when he and a group of delegates were granted an audience with Wallace. Upon seeing the crippled Governor he and the rest of the group spontaneously started singing God Bless America. "It was extremely moving," says Lamb. "I had a lump in my throat and poose pimples." Later, at a youth caucus. Lamb was introduced to Yippie Leader Jerry Rubin. "He asked me why I'm for Wallace I told him: 'Most Wallace youth are libertarians, and he's a libertarian.' When he heard that, his eyes popped out. We got along fabulously. He was very polite to me. But I have to admit. when I first recognized him, I

started looking around for a friend."

As for the action on the convention floor, Lamb says that "I've never had a bubble pop so before. Everything is smaller than I thought. The political personalities are disappointing. Some of them are slobs. The asiles are so packed you can't see, you can't move, you can't hear. It was a total letelow.

PERSONALITY

O'Brien's Last Hurrah

On the morrow of the convention. Lawrence F. O'Brien stepped down as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, ending 24 remarkable years at the atteward of his party. His last hutral was to preside with ponache over week TIME's Washinston Bureau Chief Wash Sidey chronicles the event through the eyes of the Democrats' proof prox:

They brought the reports from the floor to Larry O'Brien before the convention opened. Some of them were pretty scar, Search, longhairs, nuts out there, filling up O'Brien's beloved up to sear scady to tear his whole polities are startly to tear his whole polities are supported to the search of the search of

He stubbed out a cigarette, put on his coat and thought to himself: Here we go—here's reform. He made the 100 crowded strides to the podium looking like what he has always been: a pol Not young, not old, but plenty Irish and plenty seasoned. Odd that he represented in the minds of many of the new popile the very bossism they hated; set had held the party together for a decade and sometimes, with men the had been to reform the properties of the properties of

Just before he took the final steps to view what lay before him, his deputy, Stanley Greigg, took his arm and said, "Keep your sense of humor." Good advice, and O'Brien's face crinkled. He felt pretty good. Then he saw them, and for an instant his internal radar swept the horizon and put them up against the Democrats of other times. Not that much difference, he told himself with relief, after only a few seconds. People keep forgetting that Democrats have always come out of the streets and back alleys. More blacks, thought O'Brien, more women, younger-yes, a beard here and there. Somewhere in the back of his mind lurked the pictures of the faces of those working men of Massachusetts who had listened to him in bars and grubby back rooms when, as a 16year-old, he gave speeches for his father running for delegate. They wanted a society that worked. So do these people.

O'Brien picked up the huge gavel. Too heavy, he thought. Why not get an electric buzzer next time? He whacked it down, and the great spectacle of Miami Beach was on. He made an early decision. The noisy mass below him had to be managed. somehow led through four days of business, but more important were the millions and millions of Americans who were watching through those blinking red eves directly in front of him. Talk to them, he told himself, wondering what the man in San Clemente would be seeing in a few hours.

lew hours.

The convention was already behind time when O'Brien started his speech. That was deliberate Don't harass or push. Stay loose, he kept telling himself. The noise on the floor hardly subsided as he alked—the old Irish rasp, the square sentences tespensed with film clips. Yet here and there people began to listen. It was not the Earlier Aller of the Stay of the Stay

of the Democratic past. He talked about "the crisis of truth," of the Democrats being "on trial." He did not avoid blame for problems, and he tried to warn his youthful audience that the world is not remade by "a stroke of the pen."

'We need everyone," O'Brien continued. His eyes flicked across the audience as if he might spot his old friend Mayor Richard Daley. He did not see him, and he would not. Too bad, he thought. Foolish politics. "Do we have the guts to level with the American peonle?" he asked. "We do not promise what we know cannot be delivered by man, God or the Democratic Party O'Brien had set the tone. Odd that the New Politics should be in him too (later. McGovern phoned his praise and asked for a copy of the speech to help guide him in his acceptance address) Then the work began, If the Mc-

Govern forces did not have the strength,

the credentials fight over California could get nasty. O'Brien had ruled early that a majority would be based on those voting, thus avoiding any "shock waves" on the floor that might ignite passions. And if they wanted roll calls, O'Brien would give them roll calls until Judgement Day. He had the right to refuse a roll call if 20% of the delegates did not ask for it, but he ignored this. Be scrupulously fair, he constantly reminded himself. He had deliberately avoided learning too much about supposed candidate strength in the days preceding the convention, lest he might accidentally seem to get involved in anyone's strategy

The evening wore on. The roll calls in that curious sea of dispassion showed the McGovern strength. O'Brien set an informal tone. There was none of that



O'BRIEN OPENING CONVENTION Leveling with the people.

"most honorable" from "the great state of ..." If he knew the man it was "Frank" or "John." The McGovern triumph came as almost routine business—no bands or balloons, a procedural footnote. O'Brien hardly noticed, shepherding his energy for the night.

He stepped up and whacked away with his too-big gavel to get the people out of the aisles. He looked down, and there was Pierre Salinger, vested, chubby, one of the men who had worked with him when John Kennedy had won the nomination in 1960. "Will the portly gentleman in front please take his seat." O'Brien intoned. Salinger ignored him. O'Brien chuckled and relaxed. What the hell, he thought, he himself had not paid a bit of attention to all those entreaties when he was running the Kennedy show. After all, most of these guys were actually obeying the chair's demands.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Watergate Probe

Despite the high political risk to the Republican Administration, the Justice Department's investigation into the bugging of Democratic National Committee headquarters in Washington's Watergate office complex is moving cautiously ahead. A federal grand jury this week is scheduled to quiz officials of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President on what they know about the affair. Admits one: "The FBI is all over this place." Last week a lawyer who had represented the five men arrested on June 17 in the Watergate was charged by a federal judge with contempt of court for refusing to answer questions from the grand jury.

The lawyer, Douglas Caddy, 34, a leader of youth groups in Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign, had mysteriously appeared to represent the five suspects when they were jailed -even though at that time none had telephoned anyone about the arrests. Caddy pleaded before the jury that his relationship with his clients must remain confidential. The fact that Judge John J. Sirica ordered Caddy jailed for contempt was unusual, since judges are normally sensitive about protecting lawyer-client privileges. Prosecutors wanted to know how Caddy had heard about the arrests; investigators apparently believe that he was tipped by members of the bugging conspiracy who had not taken direct part in the headquarters break-in.

Bugging Funds. Officials also believe that they have traced some \$100,-000 that financed the purchase of electronic eavesdropping equipment and other costs of the operation to a campaign fund conduit set up by the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, which was headed until earlier this month by former Attorney General John Mitchell. The money apparently was part of an undisclosed amount donated by U.S. contributors to the committee through a businessman in Mexico in order to assure anonymity. The FBI was poring over the records of the committee, suspecting that the bugging funds flowed to the conspirators via the same Mexican in bank drafts that were deposited in the Miami account of one of the arrested suspects, Bernard Barker.

With the stakes so high, the case is turning into a battle involving some of the nation's best-known lawyers. The Democrats have hired Criminal Lawyer Education of the control of the state of the stat

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TROOPS FIRING AT CATHOLICS' TRUCK IN BELFAST



FIFE-PLAYING MUSICIANS AT ORANGE DAY MARCH

THE WORLD

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Violent End of a Fragile Truce

I was perhaps the most disastrous week in Northern Ireland in the past three years. First the Belfast leadership of the IR. A. S. milliant Provisional wing forced a showdown with the British army, thereby breaking the fragile army, thereby breaking the fragile days. Then, in an effort to control the triang terrorism. Britian's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Williams of State for Northern Ireland, Williams with the word of the state o

In the midst of the renewed fighting a potentially explosive event occurred. Defiantly risking the prospect of open civil war, some 75,000 Protestants marched in the traditional Orange Day parades to celebrate the victory 282 years ago of William of Orange over England's deposed Roman Catholic King James II. In cities and towns all over the province, bowler-hatted Orangemen in dark suits and orange sashes massed for the parades. General violence did not break out-partly because of the army's unusually severe security precautions and partly because of an unseasonable summer rainstorm that apparently dampened Protestant spirits-but eight people were killed

The cease-fire was broken by a dis-

pute over housing-a subject that lies at the heart of Catholic grievances. Some 24 Protestant families, sick of living within range of I.R.A. gunmen on the edge of a Catholic district in Belfast, had abandoned their homes and moved to a wholly Protestant neighborhood. British authorities subsequently promised the empty houses to 16 Catholic families. But when the Protestants' troublemaking Ulster Defense Association (see box. page 32) protested, housing officials asked the Catholics to wait until the Protestant parades were over. If they refused, they would have to accept housing elsewhere.

Bottles and Bullets. That was exactly the kind of opportunity that Belfast's Provo leadership was waiting for Early last week a procession of 1,000 angry Catholics marched down Lenadoon Avenue behind two trucks that carried the belongings of the 16 Catholic families. British soldiers barrieaded the road in front of them, and a British officer begged them to uurn back. Instead they rushed forward, throwing rocks and bottles as they advanced. The officer in charge responded by ordertuble rullets and water cannows.

"That's it," shouted a rumpled, middle-aged man triumphantly. "The truce has been violated!" The man was Seamus Twomey, hard-lining head of the Belfast Provos, who had bitterly opposed the cease-fire in the first place. Twomey was asgood as his word, which is half an hour of the British action, the sporadic war of singer's bullets and gelignite bombs had started up again. That right, six unarread Cathotics were Among the victims were a man who the start of the sta

The resumption of fighting was a bitter setback for William Whitelaw. In London, M.P.s from both sides of the House of Commons last week expressed their confidence in the man who faces perhaps the toughest task in British polities since World War II. Whitelaw acknowledged the praise but declared sadly: "I deserve none of these things because I am not succeeding." theless, he emphasized that he would "continue to soldier through" to repair the truce. Accordingly, the British government sent in additional troops, bringing its strength in Ulster to 17,000, the highest ever.

Whitelaw also told the House of Commons that he had met secrelly a few days earlier with six Provo leaders in London. He had taken the step he said, because the situation had seemed "very dangerous," and he had wanted to "save lives in any way !

THE WORLD

could." He had hoped that he might talk the Provos into tearing down the Catholic barricades in Londonderry that the Ulster Protestants resent so deeply. Despite the I.R.A.'s demands that Britain move all of its troops out of Catholic neighborhoods immediately and withdraw all soldiers from Northern Ireland by Jan. 1, 1975-conditions that Whitelaw described as "unacceptable"-the negotiations were expected to continue. The end of the truce also quashed, at least for the time being, this glimmer of hope for an eventual reconciliation. Whitelaw's announcement of the discussions infuriated UIster's Protestants, not simply because he had negotiated with the Catholic terrorists, but also because he had previously said that he would not do so.

Three nights after Whitelaw's appearance in Parliament, the worst fighting of the guerrilla war broke out. I.R.A. terrorists stepped up their sniping attack on the army outpost in Belfast's Lenadoon Avenue by rolling a bull-dozer laden with a 50-lb. gelignite bomb toward the sandbagged building. Though I.R.A. men fired on the rolling bomb, only a portion of the gelignite exploded. The army responded by going on the offensive against I.R.A. strongholds, dispatching 700 troops to the Lenadoon Avenue area alone. Soon firing flared up in half a dozen Catholic areas, perhaps to divert troops from the Lenadoon hot point. The heaviest action took place in Belfast's Lower Falls area, where troops and gunmen exchanged 3,000 shots and the LR.A. used rocket launchers for the first time. The toll: 24 dead (including six soldiers) since the fighting began-or 436 since Ulster's siege of unrest began three vears ago

The U.D.A.—Protestant Avengers

THE Protestant counterpart of the ation, a formidably organized group of street-fighting soldiers who wear masks. combat jackets, British army chevrons and shoulder pips. Self-proclaimed saviors of Ulster's "Prods," they carry clubs and boast of having an arsenal of automatic pistols, rifles, submachine guns

U.D.A. MEMBER AT BARRICADE IN BELFAST

and grenades. As a group, U.D.A. members are mostly young and workingclass; many are British army veterans. others graduates of the tough Tartan gangs. From Belfast, TIME's London Bureau Chief Curtis Prendergast filed this report on their activities:

The Shankill district is a Protestant Bogside, barricaded and bellicose. Just off the Shankill Road, past a checkpoint of steel pipe driven into the pavement. is the headquarters of C Com-pany, Ulster Defense Association.

C Company patrols, some riding Land Rovers, mount round-the-clock guard over the area's narrow back streets. From C Company headquarters, a twoway radio network keeps the patrols in contact, while a clandestine broadcasting station-named Radio Free Nick. for nearby Nixon Street-keeps up local residents' morale with pop-record requests and Orange marching songs.

C Company is one of eleven U.D.A. units in Belfast. The U.D.A. claims it has 37,000 men in Northern Ireland. and the number may eventually swell to 60,000. For all its size, the U.D.A. has not displayed its weaponry openly in the streets yet, although 16 men (not vet officially identified as U.D.A.) were arrested while driving around the streets of Belfast carrying shotguns.

Last week, after the I.R.A. called off its cease-fire, the U.D.A. threatened to become the "Ulster Offensive Association" and to "take steps to eliminate the terrorists from this country" if William Whitelaw, Britain's proconsul in Northern Ireland, does not. In one U.D.A. office, I was shown purported I.R.A. lists, giving names, addresses and, in some cases, brief physical descriptions of members of the Catholic underground.

U.D.A. leaders insist that they are not seeking confrontation with the Brit-ish army. "We couldn't tackle the British army as regards firepower," a company commander admitted. "But if the British army wasn't here, we could look after ourselves." The U.D.A.'s objectives, its leaders claim, are political, not military. They want to pressure Whitelaw by challenging British authority in the U.D.A's barricaded areas until he orders British troops to clean out the 1.R.A. sanctuaries of Bogside and Creggan in so-called "Free Derry." As a slap at the British, the U.D.A. has set up free zones of its own. A sign in the U.D.A.-controlled area of Belfast reads: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING FREE WOOD-VALE. Four such areas in Belfast, plus one in Londonderry, are now permanently "no-go" for British troops, with entry blocked by steel girders,

cement slabs, or masked U.D.A. men.

Two weeks ago, 8,000 U.D.A. men massed to extend one of Belfast's barricaded areas and were met by British troops. Fortunately for both sides, a compromise was worked out. Said one U.D.A. commander afterward: "If anyone had told me a year ago that we'd have 8,000 men standing eyeball to eyeball with the British army in the pouring rain, and then say 'All right, you're going home, and the men went home, I wouldn't have believed it. The determination of these men, properly channeled, can do a lot."

Ulster Protestant politicians know this only too well and are rushing to woo the U.D.A. The love is not re-turned, however. The U.D.A. is a working-class movement and wants no truck with Unionist politicians who "let the Ulster people down." What the U.D.A. really fears is Ulster's being "sold out" to a united Ireland-and it swears it will fight that prospect to the death.

Most U.D.A. leaders insist on anonymity and refuse to let their pictures be taken by newsmen. An exception is Dave Fogel, 27, a tough, salty Londoner and ex-soldier in the British army who commands the Woodvale Defense Association. "My business now?" asks Fogel bitterly. "I'm the one in eight unemployed in Northern Ireland." Fogel is contemptuous of the middle-class politicians who dominate the Unionist Party. His view of a local Unionist M.P., who was seeking his vote: "He was wearing a mohair suit. There are no mohair suits around here. His face was brown as the wood over the mantel. My face is lily white because I can't go off to the Bahamas on a holiday. I chased him down the bleedin' street.

What about the argument of Catholic Firebrand Bernadette Devlin that there could be a natural political alliance linking deprived Protestants and Catholics alike? Some day, concedes Fogel, but settling scores comes first. "I make no bones about it. If any people who look to me for protection are found with a bullet in their head or a bullet in the back, the consequences will be the severest I can imagine. I cannot allow people to go unavenged."



FRENCH VIEW OF PARIS NEGOTIATIONS

DIPLOMACY

The Ritual Resumes

The scene was set for another enactment of the familiar ritual. Units of France's tough riot police were stationed along the elegant Avenue Kleber, which slopes away from the Arc de Trimphe. Outside what was once the Hotel Majestic, black sedans awung to a stop and disogred the chief delegates, and their aides, of the four negotiating parties: the U.S. South Viet Nam, the National Liberation Front and North Viet Nam.

Befare entering the building, where the Viet Nam pacee talks resumed last week after a [0-week suspension, U.S. Ambassador William J. Porter stepped up to a battery of microphones. He raited off a list of recent diplomatic destart of East German-West German negotiations, the Korean rapprochement. Then Hanoi's Chief Delegate Xuan Huy took over the microphones—and launched a numbingly familiar triade and the contract of the cont

Significant in the resistance of disagreement, the 150th plenary session of the Paris peace talks began. It slightly increased the hope that the Communishs might be returning to Paris with "a new approach." Mmc. Nguyen Thi Binh. the N.L.F. Cong's secen-point plan, which insists upon a total US, withdrawal by a set date, the resignation of South Viet Nam's Nguyen Van Thieu and the cabilishment of a coalition government. The coalities of the coalities of the maints and upon the coalities of maints and upon the more tabilishment of a coalition government.

She dismissed as "arrogant and illogical" the more limited Nixon proposal of May 8, which calls for an in-place cease-fire, a release of all American prisoners in return for a U.S. withdrawal within four months, and an end of acts of war by the U.S. in Indochina One glimmer of movement was a remark by Xuan Thuy. He suggested that while the Communists still wanted to oust Thieu, the shape of Saigon's political future might be left-as the U.S. has proposed-to later negotiations between the two Viet Nams. Then, at week's end, Le Duc Tho, a North Vietnamese Politburo member who has had secret talks with Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger, returned to Paris and indicated his willingness to enter into private talks again. Said Tho: "If Mr. Kissinger has something new to say and shows an interest in seeing me. I am ready to see him to discuss a correct solution to the Viet Nam problem

It was too early to tell whether these remarks were simply a new vision on an old theme. Still. U.S. officials think the talks could advance. For one thing, the Communist offensive in South Viet Nam has faltered, while U.S. bombs continue to punish North Viet Nam.

Pressuré on Honoi. Less visible is the pressure that Hanoi has been under from its allies. Communist leaders are known to have pressed the North Vietnames for an agreement based on the Way 8 plan, noting that Nixon is un-North Vietnamese, however, know that Nixon faces an election in four months against a rival who has vowed to stope U.S. bombing on Inauguration Day and pull all U.S. forces out within 90 days breafter. As one North Vietnamese diplomat put it last week: "Nixon is bound by time. We have no time bound by time. We have no time

Frame.
What, if anything, could come out of the current talks? The Nixon Administration is not prepared to discuss a coalition government in Saigon, which Washington believes would be Communist dominated. The maximum hope is that Hanoi and the N.L.F. will agree to a settlement along the lines of the May 8 proposal. At most the talks could

produce some sort of a formal ceasefire that would end the U.S. air campaign over North Viet Nam in return for decreased North Vietnamese military activity in the South. That is far a short of a peace-settlement. Considering the Communist' tough initial posture last week, it could also prove well removed from reality.

Pleasing Results

Flying into Budapest in the course of an 18-day, ten-nation swing through Asia, the Middle East and Eastern Europe, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers prepared for a meeting with Hungarian Party Boss János Kádár that briefers advised him would be courteous but cool. Instead, Rogers found that the Hungarians had literally and figuratively rolled out a red carpet for him. In a 75-minute session (it was scheduled for only a half-hour), Rogers and Kádár explored the prospects of increased trade and technological support for a Communist country whose relations with the U.S. since World War II have been mostly acrimonious.

Hungary was not the only stop during Rogers' tip-where things went un-expectedly well. In Yemen, where he had to fly through sandstorms to dine with dagger-armed tribal chieffains, diplomatic relations were resumed after a five-year histos. The Secretary of over the embassy in Sana for the first time since the outbreak of the 1957 war between Israel and the Arabs. In return Washington last week began talks on a new U.S. assistance program for the

As far as Washington is concerned, the situations that produced both overtures are more significant than the size of the countries involved. "No peace can last," Rogers said in Budapest, "unless each country, regardless of its strength or its political beliefs, works actively to preserve it." Yemen was willing to play down its Arab nationalism and pro-Russian sentiments because it wants Western technical advice. Some U.S. diplomats feel that Sudan and Algeria, which have similar needs, may soon follow Yemen in resuming relations with the U.S. For its part, Hungary was taking advantage of the good feelings produced by the Moscow summit to branch out a little from the dominating shadow of the Soviet Union.

The progress of new friendship beween contrasting governments is obviously bound to be uncertain. Yemen's decision to renew its ties with the U.S. brought how's of outrage from Cairos. Kidair, meanwhite, advised Royer. Please remember Hungary's tragic history, its geographical position and its vory, its geographical position and its vory, its geographical position and its vory vory its vory

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OKAMOTO HANDCUFFED TO ISRAELI MILITARY POLICEMEN DURING TRIAL

ISRAEL

Terrorist on Trial

Whether because of youth or ignorance, Kozo Okamoto, 24, seemed not to comprehend last week the sober déià vu of his appearance before a military tribunal in a barracks near Tel Aviv. Okamoto stood before the three-officer court accused in the killing of 26 people and the wounding of 72 others in a terrorist attack at Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport in which his two accomplices were also killed (TIME, June 12). The circumstances, however a stern tribunal, spartan courtroom. TV lights, well-frisked audience of international journalists-replayed the surroundings in which Adolf Eichmann stood trial eleven years ago. The major difference: Eichmann, the man in the glass booth, * stood accused of murdering not 26 people but 6,000,000

At the conclusion of his nine-month trial. Eichmann was hanged. It is the only time in Israeli history that the death penalty has been carried out. Okamoto, after almost certainly being found guilty this week, faces the same fate, barring a commutation of his sentence by the Israeli Chief of Staff, General David Elazar, or clemency from President Zalman Shazar. Unlike Eichmann, who to the very end denied personal responsibility for the genocide of European Jews, the effusive, lanternjawed Okamoto positively gloried in his actions. "Revolutionary warfare is a war of justice." he told the court in an excitable singsong baritone that had to be cut off frequently to allow translation into Hebrew and English "And so I admit very frankly what I have

*Which was not used for Okamoto because security around him was considered foolproof and also because the Israelis did not want to evoke unnecessary comparison with the Erchinann trial done." The revolution will go on, he insisted. "In Washington and New York, the houses of simple folk must be destroyed. That is how they will be able to feel the sweeping torrent of world revolution. The slaughter of human beings is inevitable."

The facts of the charges against Okamoto-firing guns and illegally tossing grenades with intent to kill people and to damage property, and working for an illegal organization-were never in doubt. After his arrest at Lod seven weeks ago, Okamoto was confined for a period in Ramle prison, where Eichmann had also been held. Okamoto. who was manacled while sleeping to prevent self-strangulation, spent much of his time while awaiting trial composing his confession. "I did discharge arms with two other people whose names I have forgotten," he told the court. "I do not know how many people I killed. I fired not only at visitors and tourists but at policemen as well.

Okamoto's court-appointed defense counsel. Max Kritzman, a Chicagoborn. British-trained attorney who is considered one of Israel's most brilliant criminal lawyers, requested a psychiatric examination to test his client's sanity Okamoto tried to interrupt proceedings, forcing Kritzman at one point to throw up his hands and complain that 'this man will not cooperate." The three judges rejected the request and accepted the confession. The court's only hesitation was over the charge that Okamoto had confessed as a result of undue influence Major General Rehavam Ze'evi admitted that he had promised the terrorist a pistol and one bullet "for his own personal use" in return for a confession. "I want to follow them, Okamoto had said repeatedly of his two dead companions. But Ze'evi insisted that he had never meant to honor his promise. "I had no intention of keeping the agreement," the general said. "It was only bait." Accepting his word, the court removed the last obstacle to the death penalty that Okamoto has been demanding ever since his capture.

MIDDLE EAST

Death of a Guerrilla

Accompanied by a 17-year-old incee, Palestrian Guerrilla Leader Ghassan Kanafani, 36, walked out of this apartment in a Beirut subuth sat down at the wheel of his Austin 1100 and turned on the ignition. The car disintegrated in a horrendous explosion that killed the occupants and shook the neighborhood. Ten pounds of plastique had been stuffed under the right front fender: a hand grenade that served as detonator was wired to the ignition.

Acre-born Novelist Kanafani (Men in the Sun, That Which Remains tor You) an exile from his homeland since 1948, was an ideologist and spokesman for the Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. He was also editor of the organization's Beirut weekly, Al Hadat (The Aim). It was Kanafani's office which in May dispassionately bragged of the P.F.L.P's role in the Lod Airport massacre for which Japanese Terrorist Kozo Okamoto was on trial (see preceding story). Kanafani's funeral last week produced the largest display of fedayeen strength and support seen in Beirut for at least two years

Yasser Arafat, head of the overall Palestine Liberation Organization, stayed away for security reasons. PFLP Boss George Habash, who sulfers from a heart condition, was forced to watch from an apartment balcony as the cortege passed. But representatives of all the guerrilla groups in Lebanon and Syria were on hand. A slow-stepping 24-nieee commando band in camou-



KANAFANI AT 1970 PRESS CONFERENCE Promise of retaliation.

flage uniforms wailed Chopin's Funeral March. Thousands of Palestinian refugees, in a half-mile-long procession. trailed the flower-smothered coffin and its gun-bearing honor guard to the fedayeen's "cemetery of martyrs

Eulogists promised "the strongest and most cruel" retaliation for Kanafani's assassination. Expectedly, they put the blame on Israel, where some Knesset members had called for individual reprisals for the Lod attack: indeed some Israeli politicians had singled out Kanafani by name. One day after his funeral a bomb exploded in a lavatory at Tel Aviv's busy central bus terminal. There were no deaths but eleven people were injured; Israeli police arrested several Arabs as suspects and repulsed an angry crowd that tried to manhandle them

The incidents presaged a new round of skirmishes between the belligerent P.F.L.P. and the Israelis, who have retaliated against fedayeen attacks and skyjacks with air and armor strikes at their bases inside Lebanon. The principal loser, if the confrontation escalates, will be Lebanon, which is too fragmented politically to discipline the guerrillas and too weak militarily to fend off the Israelis.

SOVIET UNION

The Amerikanisti

Among the foreign observers visiting the U.S. this summer to view the political scene, one will look on with particular fascination. He is a suave, but tough Russian named Georgy Arbatov, who knows more about American politics than most Americans do and certainly more than any other Soviet citizen. A Communist Party Central Committee functionary with a doctorate in political science, Arbatov, 49, is now the Soviet Union's ranking America watcher.

As director of the four-year-old U.S.A. Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Arbatov heads a think tank of approximately 80 so-called Amerikanisti-the Kremlin's answer to Kremlinologists. They represent a new breed of Soviet information specialist who analyze facts rather than churn out propaganda. "We are neither professional peacemakers nor professional propagandists," Arbatov told TIME Correspondent John Shaw in Moscow last week, as he puffed on a Winston, "We are Marxists-Leninists, but within that frame of reference there is plenty of scope for understanding the U.S.

Housed in a 17th century mansion just off Kalinin Prospekt, Moscow's most modern thoroughfare, the U.S.A. Institute has a collection of 9,000 books and 10,000 periodicals about America. most of which would be proscribed reading elsewhere in the Soviet Union. The institute subscribes to 300 U.S. publications, including the Congressional

Record, and frequently opens its doors to visiting Americans for interviews and round-table discussions. Last week, Arbatov had a day of talks at the institute with Columbia University Kremlinologist Marshall Shulman, former Paris Peace Negotiator Cyrus Vance and former Pan American Airways President Najeeb Halaby

Arbatov and his staff of thoroughly modern Marxists earn their keen by producing position papers for Soviet policymakers and servicing Soviet technocrats' curiosity about the management techniques of U.S. business and industry. Party Boss Leonid Brezhney is thought to have relied heavily on institute position papers and briefings when he prepared to meet Richard Nixon at the Moscow summit. The institute has published a book on American research and development as well as reports on such subjects as "The Container Revolution in Transport," "Agricultural Re-search in the U.S.A.," and "Psychology and Cybernetics

The institute also publishes a

ILS A INSTITUTE'S APRATON Thoroughly modern Marxist.

monthly journal, USA: Economics, Polities. Ideology, that offers occasional translated reprints from the American press and articles on U.S. affairs by Soviet America watchers. The reprints are tendentiously edited to emphasize U.S. faults, and Soviet contributors faithfully hew the party line. Even so, USA contains more information, more sophisticated interpretation and less doctrinaire doubletalk than any other official Soviet publication. "Telling and hearing the truth, as we see it, about the U.S. will not harm our society," says Arbatov. Still. USA is considered a bit too candid for the masses: it is not sold on any newsstand in the U.S.S.R. Its circulation is limited to 32,000 copies, mostly among the country's political and managerial leadership

The Soviet elite has been conspicuously represented among the journal's contributors as well as among its subscribers. Former President Anastas Mikoyan's son Sergei, Premier Aleksei Kosygin's daughter Lyudmila Gvishiani, Brezhnev's daughter Galina, and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's son Anatoly have all written on American affairs for the institute. A frequent contributor himself. Arbatov may write an article on the 1972 election, based on his

uncoming trip to the U.S. The U.S.A. Institute is the only Soviet research center devoted to the study of a single country. The Amerikanisti enjoy increasing influence and support among the leadership due to the current Soviet-American rapprochement. Ironically. Russia's America watchers are prospering just when America's Russia watchers fear that their profession is in serious trouble. "One difference between us," says Arbatov, "is that in times of bad relations there is less interest here in the U.S., but as relations improve there is more interest." His budget for the institute has been increased in each of the past two years.

YUGOSLAVIA

Battle in Bosnia

For several hours one day last month, gunfire echoed through the densely wooded hills near the Bosnian town of Bugojno. At first, Yugoslav officials explained away the sounds of battle as an army training exercise. Then, as rumors began to fly, the Belgrade government admitted that its troops had fought off an invasion of sorts.

About 50 young Croat émigrés had established a base in the highlands of central Yugoslavia and there fought a fierce battle against government forces. Last week Yugoslav infantry and militia were still searching for remnants of the raiding party, and President Josip Broz Tito called his closest advisers to his retreat on the Adriatic island of Brioni for an emergency meeting.

The invaders were members of the Ustaše, a fascist organization that had ruled Croatia under Hitler during World War II, and has agitated from abroad for Croatian secession ever since (TIME, June 5). The raiders were believed to have been recruited from rightwing Croats now living in Western Europe and Australia. Making a mockery of Yugoslavia's border security, they crossed illegally into the country from Austria on June 26 with an arsenal of submachine guns, rifles with telescopic sights, pistols with silencers and a portable radio station. They stole a truck from a mineral-water bottling plant, hoisted the red-and-white checkerboard flag of Croatia, and drove 375 miles south. The band presumably expected to find popular support among the Croats, who make up the majority of the population in western Bosnia, a Ustaše stronghold during World War II.

Instead of being welcomed as liber-

ators, they were met by apathy or open hostility. They were also greeted by security police, civil guardsmen and soldiers stationed at one of Tito's heavily guarded hunting lodges a few miles away. Yugoslav authorities claim they "broke up and destroyed" the Ustaše unit, killing a dozen of the attackers and wounding another dozen. One Yugoslav officer and nine soldiers were killed, and half of the raiders escaped into the mountains. The age of the invaders -most were in their early 20s and had emigrated only in the past year or two -came as a shock to Yugoslav officials. who have always maintained that the Ustaše's following is limited to Croat fascists of the older generation.

The min-invasion took place at an exceptionally tene time for Yugoslavia. The government's announcement that it before four young Croat nationalists were to have gone on trial in Zagreb. the Croatian republic's capital. Although that trial has now been postponed until other youths, began last week. Both groups are charged with instigating last year's strike by 3,0000 students at Zagreb University, and plotting to-separate great which is the result of the results of t

Conceivably the Ustaše hoped its foray into Bosnia would trigger a wave of sympathetic demonstrations on behalf of the accused separatists. If so, the plan misfired badly. Instead of aiding the defendants, the raid came as a wind fall for the prosecution; it gave credence to Belgrade's repeated accusation that "chauvinists" at home are linked with Croat extremists in exile. In fact, the timing of the incident was so convenient for the prosecution that it prompted speculation-so far unconfirmed -that the Yugoslav secret police, who have heavily infiltrated the Ustaše, may have lured the invaders into staging the raid. But the more serious question was whether the attack was a reckless, oneshot adventure or whether it marked the start of a new, concerted campaign of Ustaše terrorism within Yugoslavia.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Artful Dodgers

Tran Van Hai. 34, has been hiding out in Saigon's labyrinthine alleyways since 1965. Reason: he is trying to avoid military service. White his wife works as the model of the

"I could not leave my wife and children," Hai explains when asked why he deserted from an army unit a few years ago. "I love them very much, and there

is no one else to care for them." The irony is that because he has six children Hai is now legally entitled to a deferment. Since they were born while he was in hiding, he cannot get his draft status changed without being arrested as a deserter—which would mean up to twelve months in prison and then front-line duty in an army unit.

Avoiding military service in South Viet Nam has long been something of a national pastime. On a visit to Saigon back in 1967 (when the country harbored an estimated 40,000 draft dodgers), Robert McNamara, then Secretary of Defense, flatly told the Thieu government that, if it wanted more U.S. troops, it had better get all those long-haired kids roaring around Saigon on motorbikes into khakis. Because of the invasion by the North, avoiding military service has once more become a life-ordeath matter for several thousand Vietnamese. The draft has been temporarily expanded to make all males between the ages of 17 and 43 liable for



YOUTHS APPLYING FOR DEFERMENTS IN SAIGON Minus fingers and feet.

military service, and many of the new eligibles are working all the angles to avoid going to war.

Draft existon is most widespread among the middle and upper classes, who have the money to buy phony poer or grease the palms of corrupt-of-incials. Rich families simply send their children out of the country, frequently ing that they need medical treatment only offered abroad. Some wealthy families even bribe South Victnames army belicopter palos to fly their draft-eligible som to Cambodia. Where a litaser-can be purchased easily.

A simpler (and cheaper) method is to buy false documents that entitle the bearer to a legitimate deferment. There are papers available for a price saying that one's father has been killed by the Viet Cong or that one is the only remaining son in a family. A mother who has lost her only son in combat may sell his identity papers to a will-be papers of the defail but wound up back in elementary school.

There are also medical ruses. An X-ray film showing someone clack de-bilitating growth of tuerculosis often does the risk. The only catch is that a does the risk. The only catch is that a three years in a row before a permanent medical exemption is granted—all of which on cost up to 500,000 piasters (\$1,200, For a top) of the first worlingers of their gun hand: that practice ended when the military decided to conscript the fingerless youths for porters. Today, some desported traffeces slig a

grenade, and cover the hole with a foot. If done properly, the practice brings an instant medical discharge.

Lacking money or the will to mutilate himself, a man can turn himself in as a former Viet Cong agent, which will draw him six months in a reindoctrination camp. Combat evaders can even join the army and still find ways to avoid active duty. One man paid an officer 100,000 piasters for the privilege of joining the Regional Force. Each month he goes down to headquarters to sign the pay book; he gives the officer his entire salary plus a cut of the wage he makes at his regular job. The thousands of soldiers who do nothing more than sign pay books have become known as the "Linh Ma"-the phantom troops. Once a man has been drafted into the army. the name of the game becomes desertion. An estimated one-third of all the men in

fighting units have descrited or gone AWOL at some time, and even North Viet Nam's tightly disciplined army has had descritions.

had desertions. Despite a recent crackdown by the Saigon government, notifier desertion on draft evasion carries any great signore wany of a war that has gone on 0r 25 years. One reason is that family allegiance has traditionally been recognized as the highest loyalty, greater even than that due to one's country, Men like Tran Van Hai are protected by a closely knt community that admires their struggle to avoid military service. Anstruggle to avoid military service. Anthat permits all but the poor to buy their war out of arm duty.



MARILYN MONROE, POETESS



ALBERT DESALVO, LADYKILLER



The 1956s never took Maritya Monroe very seriously Only aftershe died in 1962 from an overdose of sleeping pills did the world learn just how seriously she wanted to be taken. Aside from her ambitions as an actress, the fried poetry, which interested Carl Sanghary three short works. Published in the August McCall's: they mirror Marilyn's somber side. Sangles:

Don't cry my doll
Don't cry
I hold you and rock you to sleep
Hush hush I'm pretending now I'm
not your mother who died.

Help Help Help I feel life coming closer When all I want is to die.

When inmates of Massichusetts' Walpole State Prison formed a JayCee group, their first gesture to the local downspeople was to stage a barbecue and dance for senior citizens. Trying out a waltz, one white-haired woman found herself in the arms of Albert DeSalva, Beater Strangler DeSalva who is serveing a term for breaking and entering and assault, proved a model exocut.

You can really groove on God this way," said one youth at Manhattan's Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. To make up for the fact that the late Moholio Jockson had died last January before she could sing a promised benefit concert at the cathedral, 4,000 admirers came to hear Duke Ellington read the Bible and Clore Wolker and Delores Hall sing gospel tunes. Then they prayed and clapped happily in time with the music. Said Rutgers University Professor Samuel Proctor, who delivered the sermon: "It was joyful music, a joyful occasion, as joyful as Mahalia's own life and music were."

"Time just tired of waiting," or plained the Rev. Jones Groups, the militant priest of Milosuskers \$5. Michael Landing Charlet Church. I'll Be the fourth time a parish has opened up in the black community, and each time I've been by passed." So, since his archdiocese ignored his request for transfer to a church in the black district. Groups the signed His nest planned project studying at the signed His nest planned project studying the signed His nest planned project studying the signed His nest planned His nest planned to the signed His nest planned His nest

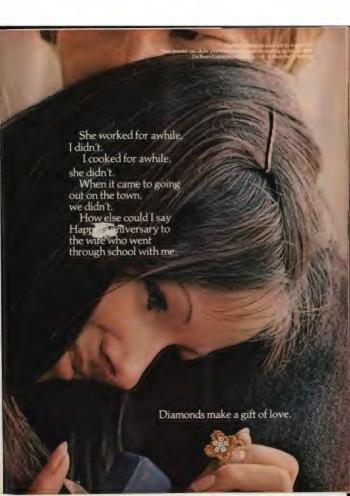
Even Leonard Bernstein has to rest sometimes. So the man whom Igor Stravinsky once likened to a musical department-store announced that he will take a year off from conducting in order to write new theater pieces. Among his

main projects: a musical version of the dybbuk, the Jewish legend of a wandering evil spirit that seeks to possess its victims. Berstein's vacation won't begin until September 1973, by which was the seek of the

Favored with dark good looks, an elegant wardrobe and an arsenal of jewelry. Princess Ashraf, 52-year-old twin sister of the Shuh of Iran, has long traveled the world as a figure of enigmatic glamour. Sometimes there were troubles-as when French officials discovered her trying to take \$2,260 in undeclared francs out of the country-but that only made her all the more a figure of mystery. Then, last spring, the respected Paris newspaper Le Monde alleged that a suitcase containing several kilos of heroin had been found among the princess's luggage at Geneva airnort. The princess denied it all, and so Swiss authorities. Le Monde retraction, but the princess that she wanted not money but vindication. A Paris court therefore ordered Le Monde to pay \$200 in damages. The princess was pleased, saying, "I have no resentment against the press.

From her home in Paris, and virtually everywhere she goes, Actress Melina Mercouri has repeatedly denounced the military-backed regime in her native Greece-so noisily that the authorities took away her citizenship. When her father's body was to be brought from London to Athens last March, Mercouri was refused permission to attend the burial ceremony. But when her mother died last week, the authorities relented: Mercourt could return home for 13 hours. and only if she promised to make no public statements. "Let me smell the Athens sea air I love," said the actress. Then she went to the funeral, put a tape cassette of her songs into the coffin and resumed her exile.

After sampling the sights of Mose on and Pecing, Presidential Adviser Henry Kitsinger turned up in Hollywood, accompanied by his children and two other tourists. Sowiet Ambassador America, Polymonia and Miss. Dothrynin They troughed third his polymonia and Miss. Dothrynin They troughed the hold of the his many the hold of the his many the his his constant of the his many that the his man



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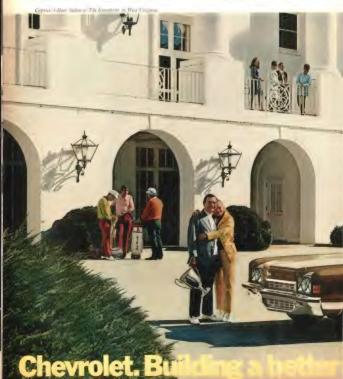
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THE PRESS

The Media Mob

There's only news enough for 1,500 of us." complained Washington Post Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman from Miami Beach last week, "but we are here 8,000 strong. We saturate this convention; nothing and nobody is safe from our starved searching for angles, oddities and inconsequential exclusives," Actually, Von Hoffman underestimated. More than 10,000 people had passes stamped MEDIA hung around their necks at a Democratic Convention that proved to be largely devoid of overt drama, and a sense of editorial overkill was inevitable

Crammed into curtained cubbyholes off the convention floor or within the makeshift press headquarters in the garage of the Fontainebleau Hotel, correspondents filed well over a million words a day-250,000 alone by the Associated Press staff of 200. Besides the reporters from U.S. dailies, reporters descended on Miami Beach from 64 foreign countries, including nine from the Soviet Union; all manner of underground publications, from Rolling Stone to the Berkeley Barb; and 206 college papers, some with copy deadlines as distant as the start of the fall term

Fresh Faces. The media mob included Feminist Germaine Greer (who quickly characterized the convention as "a crock of s---") as well as an "alternative audio collective" called Unicorn Press, which provided spots for some 30 rock radio stations. Yippie Leader Jerry Rubin and his colleague Abbie Hoffman were accredited for the purpose of writing a book about the convention, but they waggishly passed themselves off as correspondents for, respectively, Mad magazine and Popular Mechanics. Politicians who had been excluded from the convention floor by party reform, like Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and California Congressman Jess Unruh, showed up as correspondents for West Coast radio stations.

Since 80% of the delegates were first-timers, some veteran political reporters found themselves bereft of oldline power-broker sources. "I've been covering these things for 20 years. complained Columnist Robert Novak. "and I don't know a soul here." But Novak and others had only to look away from the sea of fresh faces on the floor to find old hands like Frank Mankiewicz, Pierre Salinger and Richard Dougherty at McGovern headquarters, eager to brief newsmen on plans and tactics. "This convention's easier to covmaintained Thomas Ross of the Chicago Sun-Times, "because there aren't as many double-dealers among the delegates. At other conventions, you'd think you had it cold and then three guys would go into a hotel room and turn it all around on you.



NOVELIST WALLACE AT MIAMI BEACH

But for all its relative openness, the convention generally received coverage that was more routine than inspired. The Washington Post offered its usual thorough coverage, bolstered with some particularly perceptive reporting. The Post's Haynes Johnson, for example, had the best explanation of McGovern's South Carolina strategy, New York Times readers got their expected ration of comprehensive journalism. Column after column catalogued the convention in infinite detail-even to an uncharacteristically droll bit by Robert Semple on the confrontation between a Secret Service bent on X-raying delegates' boxes of fried chicken for possible bombs and a Department of Public Health fearful that X rays would damage both dinner and diner

The Knight chain's Miami Herold. ng color photos and an airy makeup, had the most effective presentation, mixing solid analytical pieces by Knight specialists with such fascinating fluff as the revelation that Walter Cronkite lines up his navel with an arrow on his desk in order to center himself for CBS cameras. Knight showed enterprise as well: Washington Correspondent Vera Glaser cracked a secret women's caucus with a concealed tape recorder, and her colleague Clark Hoyt had the first story on how anti-McGovern forces were conspiring to support local candidates in November instead of the national ticket. Several papers used breastpocket "beepers" to maintain contact with their reporters, but the technique backfired on the Los Angeles Times: one of its men was ejected from a closed black caucus when his beeper went off. blowing his cover as a delegate

As at every recent national convention, literary superstars were on hand to gather impressions, mostly for publication later in magazines. Norman Mailer refused to tell anyone what he thought of the proceedings for fear of compromising a forthcoming article in LIFE. Novelist William Styron and Play-



PLAYWRIGHT ARTHUR MILLER AT CONVENTION



SALINGER WITH GERMAINE GREER

wright Arthur Miller, on assignment from Esquire, agreed that Miami Beach 72 would be harder to write about than Chicago '68, which Styron covered for the New York Review of Books and Miller attended as a delegate. Also observing for Esquire were Soviet Journalist Guenrikh Borovik, who felt "the world does not need this much coverage," and Jack Chen, former writer for Peking's People's Daily, who sketched quietly in the Convention Hall gallery and noted: "The young people are very impressive. It is a good and beautiful America that they want."

Novelist Irving Wallace plunged into daily journalism for the Chicago Sun-Times with a cub reporter's drive and determination. From interviews with intimates of Lyndon Johnson in Miami Beach, Wallace pieced together an effective word picture of the ex-President sulking at home last week: "He's got three color television sets going at the same time, and he's watching an alien political party that still bears the name of the party he loved go about nominating as its presidential candidate

After McGovern's nomination was assured and the protesters in Flamingo

THE PRESS

Park proved to be relatively passive, the only suspense involved a running mate The spate of speculations on who would best balance the ticket led Peter Lisagor of the Chicago Daily News to the mock conclusion: "George McGovern must find a black Jew who has turned Catholic, lives in the South, belongs to the United Steelworkers Union-and is engaged to Gloria Steinem." But such flashes of humor were infrequent. The event may have lacked what one old hand called "the electricity you expect from these things," but in more fundamental ways it was a most unconventional convention, and too many in the media mob missed that point.

proceedings with the same dogged devotion they might have given Moses' discourse from the mountain. The cameras did not-could not-distinguish between the important and the trivial, and the formats, most of which were committed to unending live coverage, did not enable newsmen to sift out significance through editing. The start-to-finish, gavel-to-gavel coverage provided by CBS and NBC did offer immediacy. But this was a dubious advantage when the action on the floor was both slow and confusing and when the most interesting events took place during the small hours of the morning.

Given these limitations, the net-

Buckley against John Kenneth Galbraith, hoping to emulate ABC's famous confrontation between Buckley and Gore Vidal in 1968 But it overlooked the fact that Buckley and Galbraith are good friends who put aside their verbal darts when with each other and use conversational shuttlecocks instead. Galbraith was a delegate from Massachusetts and usually half-exhausted from the night's deliberations. "I was up until about 5 o'clock," he complained after one of Buckley's well-rounded profundities, "and I can't come up with anything as complicated as that ABC differed from the other net-

works in starting its coverage at 9:30 p.m. rather than 7 o'clock and sometimes signing off before the final gavel. Its coverage was generally good, and Howard K. Smith and Harry Reasoner may have been the most informative anchormen in the hall. Still. ABC lacked the boldness to depart significantly from the patterns set by its more prestigious rivals. Its shorter programs had an unavoidable cut-rate air about them. largely because they represented mere random samplings and not what was sorely needed on all fronts: intelligent distillations

Out of Business

The most unusual problem encountered by a reporter at the Democratic Convention last week was that of Joseph Volz of the Washington Daily News. Having just learned that two men carrying guns had been arrested in front of McGovern headquarters, Volz rushed to phone Washington and dictate his story. Instead of a stenographer, he got City Editor Stan Felder: "Joe, you won't have to dictate this one. The paper's out of business." Volz hung up and went in search of a drink

Joe Volz was one of the lucky ones when the tabloid Daily News (circ. 207,-000) was bought and closed down by its afternoon rival, the Evening Star (circ. 303.000). He will be one of 30 or so staffers absorbed by the Star. Some 570 others will be out of work unless they can catch on elsewhere in the 17paper Scripps-Howard chain, which ounded the Daily News in 1921

Both the staid Star and the brash Daily News have lost money in head-tohead competition for the afternoon advertising dollar. Star President John H. Kauffmann expects to pick up both circulation and ad linage in the takeover and make the newly named Evening Star and Washington Daily News profitable. He also hopes to make it into more formidable competition for its sole remaining rival, the morning Washington Post (circ. 526,000). The reduction of Washington to a

-newspaper town leaves New York the only U.S. city with three separately owned general-circulation daily papers: the morning Times (circ. 846,000) and Daily News (2,130,000) and the afternoon New York Post (623,000).



CAMERA CREWS ON THE FLOOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

The Longest Week

For the television viewer more than the newspaper reader, the Democratic Convention was an acute attack of the blahs. TV's longest week was a forced seminar on the shortcomings of the medium and the medium's approach to the convention. It proved, if nothing else, that the printed word, when properly chosen, can be worth a thousand pictures from the tube.

Television was simply not the best reporter of what was essentially a business meeting. Ironically, it was the party reforms many of them designed to make the convention less tedious to the home viewer, that took away the hoopla that in the past has made the proceedings colorful. Beyond that, the remarkable tight-lipped discipline of the delegates, old and young alike, robbed the cameras of the drama and the emotion they seek. The Chicago convention of 1968-a disaster in every other respect-could scarcely have provided a better script for a medium that thrives on fast movement and angry faces. The networks covered this year's

works performed with technical competence. The only serious gaffe was made by CBS Anchorman Walter Cronkite, who was befuddled by the intricate McGovern strategy on the South Carolina credentials fight. He misinterpreted the vote as a serious danger to McGovern, NBC had not been clued in to McGovern's South Carolina tactics either, but at least avoided the mistake of seeing a threat to his chances.

NBC's floor correspondents, a new but energetic crew, regularly beat CBS's battle-scarred veterans to good sources. Sent to interview Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, CRS's John Hart found NBC's Douglas Kiker ahead of him and genially admitted it. "Let's see if we can listen in," he told Cronkite, who, all alone in his aerie above the floor. did not seem amused. Even CBS's Eric Sevareid, who usually leavens his pomposity with real insight, seemed somewhat confounded. Talking of the problems McGovern would have bringing the party together, he judged that "you can't make a winning omelet without knocking some eggheads." Ouch

NBC's Today show matched William

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SMOKING FACTORIES DARKEN SKY ALONG JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL STRIP

ENVIRONMENT

Battling the Monsters

The 30-minute expressway drive from Tokyo International Airport into the center of the city offers an unforgettable vision-mile after gray mile of squat, smoke-stained concrete and steel structures, punctuated now and then by smokestacks spewing black fumes. The 400-mile coastal strip from Tokyo to Osaka is the world's most densely industrialized tract of real estate: its factories produce more than half of Japan's \$200 billion annual G.N.P. All this industry, says Michitaka Kaino, director of Tokyo's Research Institute for Environmental Protection, provided a kind of bestiary of kogai (pollution): "You name it; and from there I'll give you any kind of ecological monster known

During Japan's 20-year surge toward its present position as the world's third greatest industrial power, most people ignored the "monsters." Now the scope of the environmental damage has been spelled out in a government-sponsored Environmental White Paper, the first ever published in Japan. It estimates the current cost of lighting Jozutaneth 5-4 billion a year broken down mos 3) billions pend by the government of the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties of the for research and control of pollution (the equivalent U.S. spending is about \$3.3 billions)

The White Paper emphasizes the dangers of rapid industrialization combined with congestion. It points out, for example, that each square kilometer of inhabited area contributes to the G.N.P.

at the rate of \$1.8 million, as against only \$268,000 in the U.S. By similar measure, each inhabited acre in Japan bas eight times as many autos as America—and air pollution has become so bad that Tokyo officials recently recommended a total ban on passenger can be downtown between 7 and 9 am. The ration's production of garden and other control of the production of the

Not only the trees are sickening and dving. The pollution has also caused some frightening and hitherto unknown illnesses among humans. First came the so-called Minamata Disease, caused by a fertilizer plant dumping methyl mercury into a bay near the town of Minamata; it produced in its victims an appalling array of eye and brain damages. Another painful new disease called itai-itai (literally, ouch-ouch) derived from cadmium flowing into the Jintsu River from a mining and smelting factory. Its symptoms: a softening and finally a breaking of the bones. Then, two years ago, a wave of smogassociated complaints began afflicting Tokyo residents. So far, at least 30,000 victims have been reported in the capital. All in all unofficial estimates place the death toll from various forms of pollution at about 1,000.

Under these circumstances, many Japanese have made a hero out of a machine toolmaker named Keiji Yamasaki, who plugged with concrete a waste conduit from a paper mill to a nearby river. Yamasaki and a co-plugger now are on trial for their deed, but all the unpleasant publicity forced the offending mill to shut down permanently.

The government is responding to increasing public demands for change, and the most seriously afflicted konzil victims are now allowed to sue for damages. So far, suits totaling \$3,000,000 are under court consideration. The highest sum yet awarded was \$750,000, allotted to a group of 77 Minamata Disease victims. The government has also enacted laws providing free medical treatment for the 7,000 kogai sufferers so far identified.

While official action has been relatively slight-as the White Paper makes clear-some sign of progress is reflected in the fact that government economists are taking steps to slow Japan's economic growth rate to about 7% a year, down from the 10% to 18% rate that has prevailed in the past. New Japanese Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka may well go even further. His recently published book, The Remaking of the Japanese Archipelago, calls for large-scale urban reforms aimed at shifting population away from the jamnacked Pacific coast. Said Tanaka in a recent TIME interview: "What is important now is to save the environment.

Dog Story

The residents of Rio de Janeiro are enormously fond of their splendid Copacabana beach. So are the 25.000 dogs that live in the area and litter it with some 21 tons of excrement a day. After pondering the complaints of barefoot beach strollers. Copacabana officials offered a solution of sosts: a series

NEW EXPERIMENT IN RIO







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of installations named the "Pipi-Dog." Each one consists of a sand-filled, depressed area with a signost in the center to serve both as marker and target. On opening day, dog owners and day to the control of the cont

Servanda Est Carthago!

"Delenda est Carthage" Senator Marcus Procisus Cato used to cry in urging Rome to destroy its old enemy. And so it was to be. By 146 BC. the Rosologo of the control of the

Tunis, only ten miles to the south, has doubled in size (to 700,000) in the past 15 years, so the builders have expanded into Carthage. Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba located his new official residence there, and some 60 high-ranking diplomats live near by. Hundreds of seaside villas have been built on the still unexcavated ruins that lie about 20 feet below the surface. Savs Georges Fradier, a Frenchman who heads UNESCO's "Save Carthage" mission in Tunis: "If the building boom goes on. Carthage will be really destroved-this time for good. Nobody is going to demolish a new city in order to dig up an old city.

In an effort to prevent that. Fradier hopes to excavate 1,000 acres of ruins. The Punic port at nearby Salambo (from which the Carthaghina navy controlled the Mediterranean) would be rutured to its historical appearance and would double as a yacht basin. In Carthage itself, a Roman theater would be Salaman was a special property of the salaman shared would be restored, as would the haths of Anoninus.

Work has already started. A group of Polish archaeologists, using special electronic equipment, has charted 120 acres of ruins in three months, a job that would have taken six years using traditional methods. To encourage other foreign archaeologists to excavate Carthage, the Tunisian government has promised them that they can keep or borrow a portion of their Punic and Roman finds. "With scientific digging," declares UNESCO's Fradier, "Carthage can be completely restored in 15 to 20 years. So far as tourists are concerned, in two or three years we'll have put Carthage back on the map.

A Vital Tonic

There was a hush of anticipation. The agame and smiling George Wallace was lifted onto the Miami convention platform in his wheelchair. His presence was more miraculous than almost anyone in the hall realized. The real wonder—even to his doctors—was that Wallace was alive.

When the Governor was carried into the Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring, Md., last May, the doctors' immediate concern was a bullet lodged somewhere in Wallace's abdomen. To probe for that bullet, the surgeons made a vertical incision, beginning just below Wallace's rib cage and extending along his right side. What they found was an Augean mess. Before the missile came

The question was asked urgently again and again. Hopes that he might got a ticklish boost from reports that one of the Governor's toes had wiggled in an involuntary reflex reaction when his son George touched it. Doctors said it was nothing to get excited about. They did not mention another hopeful rumor. The way the story went. Wallace had unexpectedly mouned when a nurse stuck a hypodermic needle in his buttock. Excitedly she told doctors that the semiparalyzed patient had sensation below his waist. Doctors attached little significance to such reflex-like responses. and image-conscious Wallaceites chose to tell only the bowdlerized tale of a wiggling toe

But the major danger to the patient remained internal infection. Despite the



WALLACE DOING PHYSICAL THERAPY WITH DAUGHTER PEGGY SUE The miracle was that he was alive.

to rest in the muscles of Wallace's abdominal wall, it had blasted through his intestinal tract in several places, splashing undigested food into the abdominal cavity. To clean this out, the doctors lifted Wallace's intestines out of the body cavity and onto his chest. They spent the next five hours wiping off Wallace's internal organs, using suction to remove contaminating wastes, and sewing up the holes in his gut. To help take care of infection-an inevitable consequence of the outpouring of bacteria from his digestive tract-the doctors placed drains in his abdomen as well as in the surgical incision.

There was no urgency, they felt, about removing the other buller lodged against Wallace's spine. It had already done its damage. Its concussive impact had bruised nerves and caused partial paralysis. But it was now wedged "harmlessly" against the spinal cord. It could be left there until his general condition improved.

Would Wallace ever walk again?

surgeons' heroic cleanup of the intestinal spillage from the first bullet, some bacteria remained and caused abscesses. Nine days after the operation, pus began to ooze from the surgical incision, and doctors detected an abscess in the left flank. Under local anesthesia, they cut into and drained the infection. Even with massive doses of antibiotics, Wallace now had peritonitis (a potentially fatal inflammation of the membrane that lines the abdominal cavity). It was then that the Governor was very near death. To be effective, antibiotics must reach bacteria through the bloodstream. But because the abscessed tissue lacked an organized blood supply, the antibiotics could not conquer the infection. So the doctors irrigated the abscess with an antibacterial solution. This meant squirting it in and then sucking it out through the wound drain-sites, several times a day.

Finally the infection was under control. This was the moment the surgeons had been waiting for. Now they focused

THE THEATER

their attention on the other bullet. To reach it, they made a five-inch cut through muscle along the spine. They found the spinal cord somewhat bruised, but it was not severed. The bullet was lying free and thus it was easily removed. There is no truth to the rumor that the bullet had carried with it a piece of shirt, which might have caused yet another infection.

A few days later Wallace reported some feeling in his highs. This was a direct benefit of the surgeons' repair work. The concusion from the second builet had tangled some of the sinewy nerves, driving some on top of others like fallent telephone wires, thus short-circuiting the "power" to nerve endings below Wallace's waist. When the neurosurgeons pairstakingly sorted these out and repositioned them, some sensation-signal pathways were partially restored

—at least to the upper thighs. Visitors who saw Wallace before his second operation were shocked by his drawn appearance. Last week convention goers and televiewers could see his progress. The trip to Miami may not have been just what the doctors ordered; but for George Wallace, being back in politics is a vital tonic.

Hashaholics

Aside from opium and its derivatives (heroin and morphine), no drug has had a worse press than hashish. The resinous extract from the flower heads of female Indian hemp plants (Cannabis sativa) is five to ten times as potent as bulky, unrefined marijuana. Crusaders returning from the Holy Land brought back the tale that the chief of a Moslem sect used hashish to give fanatical courage to his hirelings before they set out on murder missions. Thus, from a corruption of hashshashin, they added the word assassin to the language. What has since been learned about hashish suggests that while the crusaders may have been good fighters, they were rotten reporters. More likely, the bloodthirsty sheik, if he ever existed, gave his men hash after, not before, their exploits, during a period of rewarding rest and recreation in a perfumed garden peopled with houris.

Now, for almost the first time in a millennium, doctors have made a scientific study of the effects of hashish on a large body of men who were not professional criminals or chronically undernourished or otherwise disadvantaged. During the three years beginning in September 1968. Major Forest S Tennant Jr. and Major C. Jess Groesbeck, at the U.S. Army hospital in Wurzburg, West Germany, had an "aecessible, defined population" of 36,000 G.I.s. and a questionnaire indicated that no fewer than 16,000 of these had used hash at least once. The drug was more readily available than marijuana, and thousands of men were on it consistently enough to be dubbed "hashaholics" by their buddies. Of these, 720 present-



G.I. HASH USER (LEFT) & REPORTER Not violence but general forpor.

ed themselves voluntarily, or were sent in by their commanding officers, because of resulting medical problems.

The most striking finding was the range of hash usage: most of the men smoked it, usually in a pipe, at a rate equivalent to the consumption of three or four reefers a day, one to three times a week. They achieved a marijuana high and suffered nothing worse than a "hash throat," with no obvious mental aftereffects. More than 100 others smoked from 2 oz. to 20 oz. a month, the equivalent of 500 to 5,000 marijuana cigarettes. These heavy users, say the doctors in the Archives of General Psychiatry, were in a "chronic intoxicated state marked by apathy and lethargy, that kept them from functioning in their normal jobs. They apparently felt no impulse toward violence or mayhem. In fact the drug induced a condition of general torpor. Another group of 115 heavy users had severe psychotic (schizophrenic) reactions; of them, only three had stuck to hash exclusively. while 112 sought to enhance their highs with multiple drugs-hashish plus alcohol. LSD (acid) or amphetamines

When the hash-only users were weaned of their habit (it is not a true addiction), they showed no lasting ill effects, but nearly all of those who went in for multiple drugs had to be returned to the U.S. for psychiatric treatment. In sum, the Army doctors conclude, hashish may induce a severe, long-lasting mental illness in individuals who are predisposed to schizophrenia, especially if it is used simultaneously with other powerful drugs. Some of the effects may resemble those that result from physical damage to the brain. In any case, heavy use leads to severe lung damage. While moderate hashish use by normal individuals has nothing to commend it, the report suggests, the effects are neither permanent nor seriously damaging.

Apostle of Life

MAJOR BARBARA

by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The American Shakespeare Festival Theater at Strafford, Corn., is more reenowned for the pientes on its lawns than the productions on its stage. Frontically, its Shakespeare productions are a persistent embarrasment, but its Shaw revivals are often delightful. The compay's current presentation of Major present many first presentation of Major and the stage.

It helps that this is one of Shawisiner plays. While Barbara Undenshaft (Jane Alexander), who does the Christian God's goodly work among the poor, owns the play's title. It is her munitions tycon of a lather. Andrew (Lee Richardson), wielding the twin thunderholts of "money and gunpowder," who is the capitativite Zeus. Shaw himself had a Capitative Zeus. Shaw himself had a Capitative Zeus. Shaw himself had a Hiller and Stain. But his Undershaft is of another breed. This merchant of death is also an apostle of life.

His argument to Barbara is that he feeds, clothes and houses his workers so that they can find their souls, while she narcotizes the poor with a Salvation Army soup-kitchen dole that makes them compliant addicts of their own degradation. Somewhat overpowered in the debate. Alexander is also overmatched in the role, lacking Richardson's explosive charm and easy command. Under Edwin Sherin's impeccable direction, a dozen character sketches in depth are expertly rendered. The British accents are flawless and the set is hermetically sealed in a world of timeless Edwardia. BT.F. Kolem

ALEXANDER & RICHARDSON IN "BARBARA"



Alternatives to Prison

The south block of San Quentin prison, once the largest cell block in the world, now houses only a few dozen sparrows. The prison's clothing factory has shut down, and so has the mattress plant. San Quentin today contains only 1.500 convicts, as compared with 6.000 ten years ago; by 1975 the century-old fortress will be closed forever.

The decay of the antique buildings rovides part of the reason, but San Quentin is also the victim of a spreading view that prisons simply do not work. Over the past two years, judges

in Arkansas, California and Pennsylvania have ruled that certain local jails are so bad they violate the Constitution's ban on cruel and unusual punishment. One federal judge in Wisconsin, taking a slightly bolder view, recently wrote, "I am persuaded that the institution of prison probably must end." At last month's meeting of the National Association of Attorneys General, California Deputy Attorney General Nelson Kempsky gave a prosecutor's reaction: "Every time a judge starts thinking about due process for prison inmates, we're in trouble.

Aside from the question of "prisoners' rights," a growing number of penologists believe that prisons have proved unable to reform or rehabilitate their inmates. A task force for the Governor of Wisconsin recently recommended that all adult prisons in the state close by 1975. Says Harvard Law Professor James Vorenberg: "You just have to close prisons down, but you've got to develop some real alternatives

In fact, several imaginative efforts to establish alternatives are under way. HOMES AND BUDDIES. The treatment of vouthful offenders is a particularly fertile field for experiment, and Massachusetts is leading the way. When Jerome Miller became commissioner of the state's department of youth services in 1969, a reformatory official asked him what his position was on "gagging and binding." He answered that he wanted such practices stopped. Says Miller: "Training schools are so bad that the average kid would be better on the street." Accordingly, he began closing prison-like training schools, which housed about 1,000 youngsters up to 17 years old. Next month he is shutting the last major one, in Lancaster, leaving

only 20 juveniles locked away Some of the former inmates have been moved to group homes, where eight to twelve youths live with an adult couple under supervision by local agencies Such a home for twelve delinquents costs the state \$85,000, compared with \$250,000 for the same number under the old system. Other juveniles have been placed in foster homes. Still others live in their own homes under a buddy system, in which a college student spends 20 to 25 hours a week with the delinquent. This year 600 young offenders are participating in a program of cleaning up parklands

and going on pack and survival trips. JOBS AND COUNSELING. Five years ago in Manhattan, the private Vera Insti-tute of Justice got official permission to help a certain number of offenders hefore they came to trial. Now known as the Court Employment Project Inc., and funded by New York City, the program gives counseling to accused criminals (and usually their families) and finds them jobs (some 400) employers are cooperating). If all goes well for 90 days, the agency recommends that criminal charges be dropped "The question of guilt is not relevant." says Director Ennis ("Joe") Olgiati. 42 "Only behavioral change matters." The program excludes heavy drug users and those accused of major crimes ta separate program (or 300 addicts will be tried experimentally next month), but Vera representatives in city courtrooms pick any other offender they think might respond.

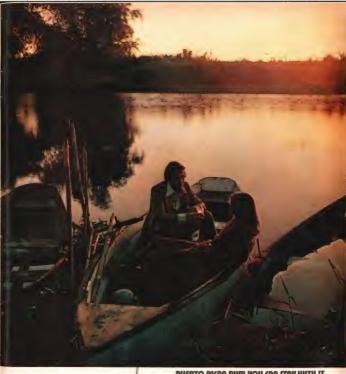
"The guts of the program is group counseling," says Olgiati. Each arrested person has two counselors-all ex-addicts or ex-cons---at least one of whom is available all week round. "In the first year, we really didn't know what the hell we were doing," admits Olgiati. Now three-fifths of those in the program succeed in having the charges against them dropped; only 6.6% of the graduates" during one ten-month period have been rearrested. The project has prompted imitation in "around 20 other states," says Olgiati, and a Senate subcommittee will start hearings this week on a bill to establish a federal ver-

sion of the program. COMMUNAL CENTERS. The converted Southern mansion near downtown Atlanta looks like a good boardinghouse. but the 61 residents are all convicts involved in the most controversial of the proposed alternatives to prison. On the theory that the isolation of prisons is one of their biggest weaknesses, many critics have proposed putting groups of convicts into relatively small quarters in ordinary residential areas. Florida now has 28 such community corrections centers-and has had a predictable difficulty in adding others. "Everybody likes the program," says Community Services Administrator Don Hassfurder. "They think there should be community corrections centers-some place else." Washington, D.C. now has 15 such centers, but the program nearly foundered initially because of local resistance. A center is scheduled to open in September near Bethlehem, Pa., and the summer is being spent in persuad-





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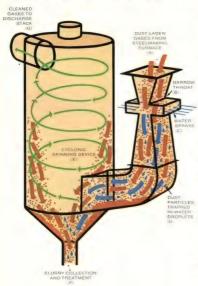
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During Frigidaire Week, if you decide to buy ou 3-door refrigerator, No. FPCI 3-200 VT, you'll get an automatic icomaker for free, You only pay for the installation. Offer ends Aug. 31, 1972

Every refrigerator is not a Frigidaire.

ing neighbors that it presents no threat. The community centers have a relatively relaxed atmosphere, and officials help the inmates get full-time jobs. In the Atlanta experiment, the men average \$3.49 an hour at jobs ranging from heavy-equipment operator to gas-station manager, and they each pay \$4 a day for their room and board. Every man participates in group-therapy sessions, shares the clean-up chores and lives in a double room, most of which have air conditioners and TV sets. Visitors of either sex are allowed every evening until 10 p.m., and all day on weekends. The idea may seem to some like "coddling criminals," but the centers can point to a long-term success: North Carolina pioneered in such centers 15 years ago, now has 63, and they boast a recidivism rate of less than 2%

There are other, less radical alternatives. Furloughs, for example, are becoming common. Pennsylvania has granted 6,200 of them in the past 18 months. Last year California sent only 549 of 11,688 first-conviction felons to state prisons or juvenile facilities; the remainder were fined, sent for a time to local jails, or put on probation.

The state of the s

Andrew Mallory, R.I.P.

One of the sad ironies of justice is that noble legal principles sometimes derive from ignoble lives. So it was with Andrew Mallory, a 19-year-old drifter from South Carolina, who was arrested in Washington in 1954 on a charge of choking and raping a 38-year-old woman while she was doing her laundry. The police interrogated him for seven hours and got him to confess. The trial was delayed a year because of doubt that Mallory could understand the proceedings against him, but he was eventually sentenced to the electric chair. "May God have mercy on your soul," said the judge.

Two years later, it was the Supreme Court that showed merey. It unanimously threw out the conviction on the grounds that the slowness in bringing grounds that the slowness in bringing grounds that the slowness in bringing necessary delay? In violation of federal rules, and that such delays "must not be of a nature to give opportunity for the extraction of a confession." The su-called "Mailtory rule" outraged police the extraction of a confession." The sucalled "Mailtory rule" outraged police of the extraction of the extraction of the surface of the extraction of the surface of the surface of the extraction of the ext



THREE-TIME LOSER MALLORY May God have mercy.

admissible if a judge rules that it was voluntary and that the delay before presentation to a magistrate was not unreasonably longer than six hours.

classification of the control of the

Last week Mallory attacked a couple in a Philadelphia park, robbed the man of about \$10 and allegedly ordered the woman to take her clothes off. A policeman chased him through the park. When Mallory aimed a gun at his pursuer, another officer fired four shots and killed him. He was 37.

Pot at Vassar

When 19-year-old Nancy Graber flunked out of Vassar in 1970, her father, like any father in such a situation, was dismayed. But Nancy had an explanation, She couldn't study or step, she said, because of her roommate's all-night pot parties.

Raymond Graber, a state employee who lives in West Hempstead, L.I., demanded that Vassar reinstate his daughter. Vassar refused, so Graber sued for \$1,000,000 in "prospective" damages. Last week it was disclosed that Vassar week it was disclosed that Vassar week.

sar had settled. The college denied any "admission of guilt" but agreed to pay Graber \$2,100. As for Nancy, she now at Wellesley, and, according to her father, "doing wonderfully there."

MILESTONES

Divorced, Grace Bumbry, 35, wellturned mezzo-soprano who progressed from Arthur Godfrey's radio-show Tulent Seatts to New York's Metropolitan Opera: and Erwin Andreas Jacckel, 38. German tenor: after nine years of marriage, no children: in Berlin

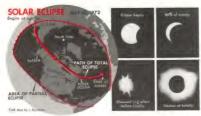
Died. Andrew Mallory, 37, subject of a landmark 1957 Supreme Court decision that extended the rights of criminal suspects (see Titl-Law).

Died. Aline Saarinen, S. art critice, neswoman and widow of Architect Eero Saarinen, from a brain tumor; in Manhattan. A former managing editor of Arr News. Saarinen bogan her teletropped of the saarinen began her teletropped of the saarinen began her teletropped of the saarine began her teletropped of the saarine began to the saarine teletropic saarine began telepaste to the saarine telepaste on a wide range of subjects on her own. It valls show, For Women Only, before New sent her to Paris in 1971 as fore New Sent her to Paris in 1971 as wisom history.

Died. John F.X. McGobey. 78.
Government prosecutor in the celebrated 1949 trial of Eugene Denns and ten
Communists for conspiring to overthrow the U.S. Government by force: of
pneumonia. Mahinatum. In a heated
pneumonia. Mahinatum. In a heated
Medina. McGobey persisted through
uproarious courtroom disruptions in
pressing for the conviction of the U.S.
Communia Party national board. The
case ended in jail terms for the defention with the conviction of the U.S.
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Died. Josephine P. Boardman. Crane, 98, pioneer of progressive education, in Fallmouth, Mass. A philantropist and founder of the New York Museum of Modern Art, Mrs. Crane with the original sponser of the Dalton was the wriginal sponser of the Dalton Mass. public school near her home. The plan, now the basis of New York's Dalton and many other schools, permits students to work at their own pace. Freed meets are goal memens, provided they

Died. Frasier, twentysis, veteran circus lion who carred nomination as 1972's National Father of the Vest; after a brief illness, in Laguna Hills, Calif. Despite advancing age and a length yagolf from circus duties. Frasier relation cubs in an 18-month period. The fact won accolades from a legion of senior citizens, who adopted him as their masoci, and a lion's share of royalties for his country. Such as the country business of the country business, and the property of the country business. The property of the country business are considered to the country business.



SCIENCE

Next Year, the Sahara

When the Giliaks of Sakhalin island and the Koryaks of Kamchatka rubbed the sleep out of their eyes one morning last week, they rubbed a second time and looked up in surprise: the rising sun was black. It was totally eclipsed by the moon. As eclipses go, this one had relatively few observers-at least of its totality. The path of complete blackout crossed the most sparsely inhabited wastes of Asia and North America, favoring only Canada's southeasternmost provinces before crossing the Atlantic to fizzle out at sunset near the Azores. Most big-city dwellers had to content themselves with partial obscuration: and 40% in Miami.

Many astronomers took a dim view of the event, partly because most sites for observing totality were inaccessible. partly because they expected heavy cloud cover to prevail in high latitudes, and also because nowhere did totality last longer than 2 min. 35.6 sec. Moreover, scientists are divided as to the value of studying eclipses. The Young Turks in the field say condescendingly that it's an old man's game, an occasion for repeating familiar experiments The old hands retort that there is still much that can best be learned during eclinses. Even if they are repeating experiments, they are doing so with progressively more sophisticated instruments and getting more detailed results

Racing a Shadow. As it happened the cloud cover was broken, and sume of the observation sites and elear views. To run experiments that cannot be done through dense at societies their instruments as high as 150 miles from Alaska's Poker Flat. White Sands. N. Mex. and East Quoddy. N.S. The moon's shadow raced across Cannot at a speed and the standard of the control of the control

amos Scientific Laboratory, took off from Spokane in a jet transport, intercepted the shadow near Hudson Bay and raced it. At a speed of 565 m.p.h., they gained almost two minutes for their studies of the corona.

It is the corona that still holds the interest of most eclipse scientists. A halo of gases at temperatures up to 2,000,000° F, it extends militions of miles outward from the sun. One of last week's projects was an effort to probe its outer reaches, the spawning ground of the solar wind. Another project was to analyze the spectral lines made in the corona by trace amounts of metals.

Perhaps the most intriguing experiment was that of Harvard's Dr. James Baker, designer of optical systems. He

had constructed a special camera and lens apparatus to black out the corona and search through the resulting darkness for objects within the orbit of Mercury. Astronomers have long talked about a hidden planet near the sun, tentatively named Vulcan, and Baker hoped to find this, or hitherto unseen comets. Only weeks of analysis will show whether he succeeded.

Other experiments concerned with X rays from the sun and their relation to its magnetic field were frankly trial runs for the big-time eclipse due June 30, 1973. That one will not be visible from mainland North America, and the hest views, with a generous seven-minute totality, will be against the usually cloudless deep blue skies over North Africa. "Next year, the Sahara!" was the cry of astronomers who looked down their noses rather than up at the sun last week.

Last Licks

In the legends of Eastern Europe, the vampire took many horrendous forms, but south of the Rio Grande vampiro means just one thing: a tiny bat that sucks the blood of humans and animals and carries rabies, the deadliest of infectious diseases. Despite its minuscule proportions-an adult may weigh as little as one-half ounce and seldom more than 14 ounces-the common vampire has made it economically impractical to raise cattle or horses in large areas from central Mexico to central Argentina. Efforts to destroy Desmodus rotundus by such crude methods as dynamiting or using flamethrowers in his cave roosts have proved too costly, inefficient, and disastrous for neighboring populations of beneficial. insect-cating bats.

Now after years of dangerous work at inhospitable field stations, investigators from the U.S. and Mexico have developed techniques that promise to varioush the vampire. With ghoulish justice, the little beast that lives by blood will be made to die by it.

Two quirks of nature promise to be twampire; undoing. One is the fact that bats, like rats, are more sensitive than most nameable to the homorrhagic properties of automatos and the sensitive of the properties of automatos of the properties of automatos of the properties of automatos of the properties of the propertie



RABID VAMPIRE BAT CAUGHT IN MEXICO Undone by two quirks of nature.

stitute in Mexico City and the U.S. Department of the Interior's Wildlife Research Center in Denver to try to kill bats with an anticoagulant. Choosing the poison—diphenatione—was one thing. But how to get the stuff into the vampires?

One way would be to inject the anticoagulant into the stomachs of cattle, from which it would pass into their bloodstreams. The dose would not be enough to harm the large animals, but any blood-sucking vampire would get

enough to kill it.

Then a second quirk of nature suggested another method. Like cats vamprices lick themselves to clean their redsh-brown flur, and they are as clubby as monkeys, eagerly grooming each other. One researcher reasoned that it would be effective to catch a few vampries, daub them with diphenatione, the month of the control of the control of the bleed to death—and incidentally poison their grooming partners.

To each the vampires for their fatal treatment, the bat killers suspend, above the fence of a cattle corrial, a Jadysnose endon mis net, as fine as a Jady-"invisible" hair net. The net is invisible in the dark when the hast sorter and, back no detectable echo for the vampires sonar system. When a bat is netted, a technician wearing tough leather gives carefully removes it from the net and rubs its back with half a teaspoonling the state of the state of the state of the literance of disheration.

Well Groomed. Shocked, the bat

returns to his roost in a cave, hollow free or old building, and licks as much of the goo off his back as he can. In the process he poisons himself fatally. Other vampires come to help groom him, and so poison themselves. A single smeared bat has been found to cause, on the average, the death of 20 others, sometimes as many as 30.

The two bat-poisoning techniques, developed with the support of funds from the U.S. Agency for International Development, have been tested successfully, the back-painting in Mexico and Brazil and the cow injections in Mexico. Both methods will soon be extended to other countries, beginning next

month in Bolivia.

The benefits expected from vampire control are manifold: a marked decrease in outbreaks of both human and animal rabies and other infections carried by the bats; an increase in the weight of beef cattle, and a comparable increase in milk production-for a cow that is being bled by vampires may yield only 20 quarts of milk a day as against a normal 30. There is no danger of the vampire's becoming extinct, says Mexican Biologist Raul Flores Crespo. "We can reduce the population, but we cannot totally destroy it. The vampire can return to the jungle and live as it did before the coming of the Spanish." That is, by sucking on wild animals but not on horses and cows.



CINEMA

Frantic Fling

THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS Directed by GENE SAKS Screenplay by NEIL SIMON

Driving to work one winter morning in his 45th year, Barney Cashman, as securely strapped into his black four-door sedin as into his whole middle-class existence, pulls up at a 10ll booth He looks yearningly across at a ravishing beauty in the car next to him. "So many pretty girls," he solitoquizes. When year the pretty girls, Today they're all pretty."

Barney's libido is tied up in as many knots as a second-grader's shoelace. When three pretty girls in succession offer him amatory opportunities, he is pathetically and sometimes hilariously unable to follow through. The first, Elaine Navazio, frequents the Manhattan sea food restaurant that Barney manages and practically sends him semaphore signals over the shrimp cocktail. He invites her to a rendezvous -at his mother's apartment, which is empty during the day while his mother works. Barney supplies his own bottle of J & B and buys his own glasses in Bloomingdale's so Mom won't discover any traces. "Are you married?" he asks, trying to make chitchat. "Mr. Navazio assumes I am married," replies the businesslike Elaine. "I assume what I want." Unfortunately for purposes of the tryst, the only thing Barney can assume is a defensive, feckless air

The second girl is Bobbi Michele, a paranoid pothead whom Barney picks



TAYLOR & ARKIN IN "LOVERS" Unlacing a libido.

up while munching peanuts on a bench in Central Park. He lends her the cash to hire an accompanist for an audition on Broadway. When she shows up at Mom's apartment the next day to repay the money, all of Barney's fantasies of extramarital fulfillment vanish in a haze of marijuana smoke.

Barney makes a last frantic stab at infidelity with the melancholic wife of one of his neighbors in suburban Great Nock. Now the positions are reversed. Barney, after his combat training, has become the manic aggressor. Jeanette Fisher is the coward, full of fear and uncertainty. Barney finally bundles Jeanette into a cab, then goss to a phone booth to call his wife Thelma and invite her down to Mom's for a romantic afternoon.

Well Simon writes Junny commermain authoromy stagebound. Most of many the commercial stagebound. Most of many the commercial stagebound. Most of apartment set, instilling a sense of increasing confinement that stilles screen comedy. There are some good fleeting agas, but here too there is a sense of constriction. Simon writes Jokes and surfaces, not characters, so the actors realby have nowhere to go in developing their roles.

Alian Arkin's Barney is a composite of small, three degestures and intuitions, as in a marvelous sequence where he watches Bobb ing What the World Needs Now is Love with a mounting mature of apprehension, thwarvel lost door will hear. Arkin is a vast improvement over James Cocc's preening, keening act in the Broadway Lovere, and he has Barney's look meticulously right, down to the monogrammed pocket of the blook business suit.

Paula Prenties as Bobbi does her familitär kook turr. Renée Taylor plays Jeanette with the same unsparing vialgarity she used for a similar character in Madte tor Euch Other. Sally Kelterman comes of best of the wone, partly because she is the first one we meet. Her Elaino is throaty, sexy, challenging and intimidating. By the time when the whole thing has become for audiences what it is for Barney; an endurance context.

Dishonest Daydream

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE Directed by MILTON KATSELAS Screenplay by LEONARD GERSHE

The blind boy has only recently moved into the Haight-Ashbury district from a plush San Francisco suburb, where Mom smothered him with heaping portions of maternal concern. A guitarist and songwriter, he is anxious to



ALBERT & HAWN IN "BUTTERFLIES" Leave it to Mom.

make it on his own, maybe put together a nightclub act. Everyone is impressed with his songs and with his matter-of-fact courage about his handicap. "You're a beautiful person, inside and out," gushes the girl next door, who rapidly graduates to roommate status.

Leave it to Mom to bust up the match. She tells her son he can only get hurt, and brazens the girl into leaving because she's "not what Don needs." Neither, most emphatically, is Mom, who nevertheless turns out to be a real heroine. Realizing after all her conniving that it is time her boy became a man, she departs in a cloud of humility, leaving Don to fend for himself and perhaps

As a play, Butterflies Are Free continues to enjos a healthy run on Broadway. Its director. Milton Katelas, has mounted the movie version with commendable restraint. Goldie Hawn, as from her giddy role in Lungh-In. she is often genuinely touching. Edward Aribert, the sun of Actor Eddie Albert, in the best of the grant of the continues of the c

Both play and film are calculated pieces of commercialism. Writer Leonard Gershe is a salesman who works the territory of dishnesst daydreams. He creases a subordinate character calculed Ragha a sertify, loud-mouthed director of experimental plays who serves at the "diphrased matrom" in talks a lot about mudity on stage, about talks a lot about mudity on stage, about the need for the theart or deal with subjects like dope, and he is made to look feed of If Gershe's idea of honesty is Butterflies Are Free, it is Ralph who de-exerceous supports.

Last Rites

FILLMORE

Directed by RICHARD T. HEFFRON

Since Woodstock, a Irenzied, adoring documentary seems to have been made about every tour and concert in contemporary rock 'n' roll, For last year's Great Medicine Bull Caravon, a movie studio even subsidized a festival in order to film it. Not to be outdone, Fillmare treats the closing performances at the Fillmore West as if they were he last rites in the Roman Colosseum before the barbarians came to town.

The Fillmore theaters in New York and San Francisco were rallying points all right, but still something less than the monuments of rock culture that they are portrayed as here. The man who ran them both Bill Graham, was the counter-culture's own Jekyll-and-Hyde a tough former street kid who snarled rock musicians—well, some rock musicians—well, some rock musicians—well, some rock musicians—troyalty.

Graham is in fine form all through Fillmore, yelling into the telephone over matters of scheduling billing and finance, and talking to the camera about his early life and ambitions. "I wanted to become a good character actor," he says, and Fillmore makes him more than that. Graham gets the chance to be a star, and he gives quite a performance, by urns nasty, capiding and

Graham is a lot more interesting than the musical talent on display, which is mostly mediocre. The Grate ID ead and the New Riders of the Purple Sage, virtually interchangeable parts of the same group, dispense a couple of good tunes, but Santana and Box Seagas are disappointing compared with some of their recent recordings. As for the Evin Bishing Group and As for the Evin Bishing Group and Santana and Box of the Companion of

Seconds

Walking into a movie theater these days is often like walking into a flashback. Many of the new releases are actually sequels to successes of summers past. Among them:

SMATTS BIS SCORE brings back the black private yew who divides his time almost equally between brawls and bed-rooms. Here, one of Shaff's fillers have brother mixed up in the numbers racket. When the brother's stoerform insured to the state of the stat

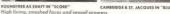
with last year's Shair original, Shair's Hig Score is more claborate, a lot glossier and finally duller. Shaft himself suggests that the black man's ultimate goal is to live high, smash faces and make terrible demands on his sexual prowess. As the hero, Richard Roundree brings considerably more fervor to the clinchest than to the dialogue.

COME BACK, CHARLESTON BLUE features two of Shaft's soul brothers, a pair of Harlem plainclothesmen named Grave Digger Jones (Godfrey Cambridge) and Coffin Ed Johnson (Raymond St. Jacques) who made their movie debut in the casual, sometimes chaotic comedy thriller Cotton Comes to Harlem (1969). In Charleston Blue. Director Mark Warren shows a boisterous if somewhat blatant sense of fun as well as a knack for dealing with mayhem. Charleston Blue is like slaphappy and violent vaudeville. Under the guise of cleaning up the ghetto, a flashy fashion photographer called Painter is rerouting

ry than its predecessor, but thanks to some razzle-dazzle direction by J. Lee Thompson (The Guns of Navarone). and most especially to the superb cinematography of Bruce Surtees. Conquest is the handsomest of the lot. It has the same storybook gusto and bizarre pageantry as the original. The setting is the America of 1991, when a mysterious virus has wiped out all household pets. Apes have taken the place of dogs and cats and have been trained to perform menial tasks (filing, sweeping up, waiting on tables). They are treated like slaves by a repressive government until one of them, named Caesar, leads an open revolt. Scenarist Paul Dehn sometimes lets his satire turn into sermonizing, but he also engineers a clever and jauntily cynical reversal of sympathies whereby audiences cheer the marauding apes in their campaign to overcome mankind.

BEN, when last seen, had just set his loyal horde of fellow rats upon Willard,





all the Malia's heroit traffic through his own hands, Johnson and the Digger are not to thin through his own hands, Johnson and the Digger are not to him pretty early in the game, but they cannot make a move because every citizen above. If 10th Street regards Painter as some kind of black Robin Hood. The movie comes unhinged occasionally, especially in sequences that boot? With the provided of t

CONQUEST OF THE FLANET OF THE APES is the fourth installment in an apparently endless series of similar science fiction (TIME, June 5). For a while, each chapter (Beneath the Planet of the Apes, Escape from the Planet of the Apes) looked cheaper and more curso-

CAMMRIBOG & ST. JACQUES IN "BLUE"

his misanthropic master. Willard ended, appropriately enough, with Willard's grisly demise, but Ben is back as busy as ever in this sleazy slice of horror for the pre-high school set. The basic conceit of both the rat and the ape pictures is that animals at worst are misunderstood and at best are infinitely preferable to humans. Ben pals around with a sickly kid named Danny who suffers from a weak heart and, to judge by his actions in the movie, a weak head. Danny sticks up for Ben when the nasty policemen want to kill him, even visits him in his sewer home somewhere under Wilshire Boulevard to warn him that the cops are coming with fire hoses and flamethrowers. Such touching devotion leads to a dewy denouement that paves the way, alas, for still another sequel. B J.C.

INVESTMENT

Danger of Creeping Controls

cy walls:

N the wake of the international mon-etary system's recurring crises. European governments are erecting ever stricter controls on the flow of capital across national boundaries. The most recent furor, caused by Britain's decision to unhook the pound from a fixed value and let it fetch whatever the market will bring, has brought on vet another spate of regulations. Their purpose is understandable: to keep out the flood of homeless, speculative cash -much of it in irredeemable dollars

in reserve with the Bundesbank up to 40% of foreign-owned deposits, thus immobilizing large sums of otherwise lendable funds. To keep inflation-breeding currencies out. German-based corporations must deposit with their banks. at no interest, 50% of any funds that they borrow abroad. Last week the central bank asked commercial bankers to refuse to sell mutual fund shares, bonds and other fixed-interest securities to

following roundup on the rising curren-

commercial banks are required to leave

WEST GERMANY. Starting this month.

nonresidents, who would likely pay for such investments in weak currencies. If bankers do not abide by the request, officials warned, further regulations may be added. SWITZERLAND. Since last month non-

resident foreigners have been banned from buying Swiss real estate or securities. Just to keep an account of more than 50,000 Swiss francs (\$13,325) in one of Switzerland's famed banks, they must pay the equivalent of 8% interest

annually to the bank

FRANCE. Banks must hold special reserves equal to 10% of a nonresident's deposits. France also restricts loans that are made to nonresident companies and individuals. It operates two foreign exchange markets-one for trade operations and a second for capital transactions. Last week the dollar was about 5% lower on the capital market than the trade market, where its value is kept at the official rate by government intervention if necessary Thus, anyone with dollars automatically had to pay the penalty of doing so with discount-

BELGIUM As in France there is a twotier foreign exchange market that makes speculation in the Belgian franc expensive. Banks cannot increase their lending to nonresidents above the level of last March 9, and there are restrictions on payment of interest on some foreign-owned bank accounts

BRITAIN. Since it floated the pound last month, Britain has imposed a whole range of controls on capital outflows. strengthening barriers in force since 1947. Banks are severely limited in dealing in foreign exchange for their own investment purposes. Companies are allowed to buy foreign currency only for import and export deals or for officially sanctioned overseas investment. The rising burden of bureaucratic panerwork could threaten London's role as a world financial center. Says an official of London's Midland Bank "These



CURRENCY EXCHANGE IN FRANKFURT The walls grow higher.

-that can make a betting game out of currency values and disrupt nations economies in the process. The growing danger is that the proliferating rules will hamper normal trade and investment as well

Two weeks ago West German Economics and Finance Minister Karl Schiller resigned over the controls issue. His departure took away one of the last influential voices calling for unhampered capital flows. Schiller's successor, former Defense Minister Helmut Schmidt, apparently believes that without some controls West Germany will be forced to revalue the mark upward for the second time in less than a year, thereby making its products more expensive and harder to sell abroad French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, too, favors currency regulations as opposed to floating rates. TIME European Economic Corre-

spondent Roger Beardwood filed the

days I push paper for the government." With the dollar inconvertible into gold. Europe's finance ministers and central bankers see few feasible alternatives to controls. Most hope that they

can end after major financial powers next year negotiate long-term reforms in the international monetary system. including some method of gradually repatriating dollars held abroad

FEDERAL RESERVE

Fall Storm Ahead

With the economy picking up, the Federal Reserve Board has enjoyed a rare season of peace. Normally, politicians and businessmen accuse the Fed either of creating inflation by pouring out too much money, or of strangling business by holding back on cash and credit. Throughout the spring, however, the board's governors pursued a neutral policy, feeding out money just fast enough to keep pace with the expansion in sales, production and inventories.

This situation is almost certainly too idvllic to last. Interest rates have been inching up lately: recently. Pittsburgh's Mellon National Bank & Trust Co lifted its prime lending rate for businessmen by 1%, to 51%, and some other major banks have followed suit By fall. board members fear, the growth in loan demand that accompanies a business surge will put upward pressure on mortgage, consumer credit and some other interest rates. In addition the Treasury will have to begin borrowing heavily by late summer to finance a growing federal deficit. It is now estimated that the Treasury's red ink for fiscal '73 could reach \$35 billion, v. \$23 billion last year

New Target. Thus the independent Fed is sure to come under heavy White House prodding to pump out enough money to bring interest rates down again The Federal Reserve governors have already taken one step to resist such pressure. In recent months the board adopted a new operating method to influence the money and credit available to the economy. The method focuses on a new target; bank reserves against private deposits. In effect, this tactic emphasizes new precision in the control of vast aggregates of money and puts less stress on influencing specific interest rates. Thus the board is purposely paying less attention to interest rates in its day-to-day decisions.

Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns is deeply concerned about the danger of inflation, and to ease the pressure, he will likely make a show of jawboning down any untoward increases in rates. As for the Federal Reserve, it is expected to hold to its measured monev policy, even if it allows most inter-

Best thing to mix with liquor is common sense.

Fortunately, most people who choose to drink, choose to drink sensibly. They know that anything as well made as liquor was made to be sipped and savored. Not gulped and guzzled. So when they use it, they also use their heads. And mix it with a large amount of common sense.

As the makers and sellers of distilled spirits, we know that nothing but the gifts of the good earth go into our products. We're proud of the care, the time and the skill devoted to them. And equally proud that most people who choose to drink do so with a sense of moderation and responsibility.

Yet we're the first to recognize that liquor is not for everyone. Some people, for physical, religious or personal reasons, choose not to drink.

And we respect their decision.

For most of you, however, the proper and responsible use of liquor means enjoyment, relaxation and sociability. You're the people who know there is no harm in liquor itself, but in its abuse.

Above all, you're the people with the maturity to know that everyone has his personal limit.

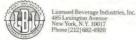
So next time you're enjoying one of our products, and you're tempted to enjoy a little more, we urge you to remember the best thing to mix with liquor is common sense.

In our concern over the depth and scope of alcohol related problems, it is important for remember that drinking alcoholic beverages, it lypical behavior in the United States and that most people do not abuse alcohol or develop alcoholism. (National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism in the Introduction to the Special Report to Congress on Alcohol holism in its Introduction to the Special Report to Congress on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism. (National Production and Welfare, But 18, 1979).

One of the Report's findings was that, among the more than 95 million drinkers in the nation, "An estimated 7 percent of the adult population in the United States manifest the behaviors of alcohol abuse and alcoholism".

We, the makers and sellers of distilled spirits, have long urged the responsible use of our products. We want to cooperate in every appropriate way with NIAAA's program to discourage abusive drinking and encourage responsible use by those who choose to drink.

If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.



ENTERPRISE

Atlanta's Beat Goes On

WITH enlightened civic leadership and one of the nation's fastestclimbing skylines, Atlanta rode the urban-renewal wave of the '60s with pleasing-and well-publicized-results. But where many other cities have grown disillusioned with their downtown business districts-in spite of all the new civic centers, office buildings, freeways and other signs of progress-Atlanta, which in 1970 became 51% black in population, seems determined to use the first round of renewal as the down payment on a second, even bigger round in the '70s Moreover, the courtly businessmen and politicians who engineered the city's renaissance a decade ago are rapidly turning over their jobs to a group of men in their 30s and 40s, who should be around to oversee new rounds of ex-

pansion for years to come. The result

ARCHITECT JOHN PORTMAN

is a business climate that is practically unnaralleled in the U.S. for solid growth and sheer bullishness. Atlanta's metropolitan population

has doubled, to 1,400,000, in 15 years, and the area continues to be one of the fastest-growing in the nation. Much of the expansion is due to the fact that Atlanta is the key commercial center within a radius of nearly 600 miles. Companies eager to tap the South's expanding consumer and industrial markets headquartered their regional operations in Atlanta, making it the ultimate branch-office town. No fewer than 430 of the FORTUNE 500 largest U.S. companies have offices in Atlanta. Recent arrivals include National Distribution Services, Inc., a subsidiary of Eastern Air Lines: Americana Corp., a real estate marketing company; BP Oil Corp., a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Co. (Ohio). The comings and goings of corporate salesmen and executives help make Atlanta's airport the nation's second busiest, after Chicago's O'Hare.

Unlike some metropolitan areas, where booming satellite cities of office buildings and shopping centers have grown up outside the center city, the place to be in Atlanta is still downtown -if possible, right on famous Peachtree Street. The central tax base, which doubled in the '60s, is expected to grow half again as big before 1980. All together, some \$3.3 billion in construction has been scheduled for the next few years, including a 70-story hotel, six office buildings, a trade mart and a \$1.3 billion rapid-transit system approved by voters late last year.

Unfortunately, Atlanta's remark-

ably violence-free move toward racial integration in the '60s has not made economic life for its 256,000 blacks much easier than in any other big city. Black unemployment remains about twice as high as white, and the ghetto areas of Summerhill and Vine City are no less depressing than their counterparts in Brooklyn or St. Louis. Yet Atlanta supports what many blacks believe to be the most comfortable black middle class in the nation. Much of it is associated with the city's thriving black academic community in the six-college Atlanta University complex, but there are also several large black-owned businesses. including Citizens Trust Co. and Atlanta Life Insurance Co.

Just as Atlanta's median age is declining (from 27.4 to 26.3 in the 1960s), so its leadership is getting younger only much faster. Some examples:

SAM MASSELL 44 who took over from longtime Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. in 1970 to become Atlanta's first Jewish mayor. Although he won election against a more conservative Chamber of Commerce candidate. Massell has worked closely with the business community in promoting the rapid-transit proposal. He has also pressed for state legislative approval of a massive annexation plan that would expand the city boundaries to include most of the metropolitan area and, not so incidentally, stem the flow of whites from the center city. Meanwhile, Massell faces a potentially stiff challenge in next year's mayoral election from Maynard Jackson, the city's 35-year-old black vice mayor.

RICHARD KATTEL, 36. president of Citizens & Southern National Bank, the largest in Georgia, with assets of \$2.27 billion. "When I'm in New York, people can't believe I'm president of a big bank," says Kattel. In fact, his longtime predecessor, Mills B. Lane, who spotted Kattel as an up-and-coming exec-





BANKER RICHARD KATTEL

RISING SKYLINE IN DOWNTOWN ATLANTA

utive and named him as his personal assistant in 1966, is still the bank's chairman, though he lets the young president use his own judgment about practically everything. Among other projects. Kattel helped initiate a real estate investment trust that in 18 months has grown to \$200 million. Much of it will go into downtown land investment. Hell, it would be the easiest thing in the world for major businesses to say 'Let's get out of downtown and leave it to the blacks because there are just too many problems," he says. "But businessmen here are willing to take a risk on downtown '

JOHN PORTMAN, 47. architect. Made famous with his design for Atlanta's Regency Hyart House, with its soaring 21story lobby and see-through elevators. Portman has been the architect for \$150. Portman has been the architect for \$150. Intiliation in other Atlanta development, including the attractive Peachtree Centre, a complex with vast business spaces imaginatively broken up by restaurants. Now a steevalt cafe and fountains. Now a steevalt cafe and fountains. Now a steevalt cafe and fountains. Now a steevalt cafe to the complex of the cafe of the complex of the to design San Francisco's new Embarcadero Center, Detroit's \$500 million waterfront renovation, and projects in Fort Worth, Los Angeles and Brussels.

A.J. LAND, 34. president of Crow. Pope & Land Enterprises, developers, Land has helped make Atlanta a meccafor swinging singles with some 4,000 apartments, half of them designed for the young and ummarried set. "When I first came here in 1956, I planned to go back to Columbus, Ga.: to practice law, was so exclining that I could'nt leave."

TOM COUSINS, 40, real estate developer. Seven years ago, in a move ridiculed by most businessmen. Cousins acquired the air rights over 70 acres of defunct railroad yards in a blighted part of town. Today he is about to open a \$17 million, 17,000-seat coliseum on the property. For tenants, he bought the St. Louis Hawks basketball team and moved them to Atlanta, and has organized a National Hockey League team, the Atlanta Flames. Cousins has some \$600 million in other construction planned for his site, including apartments, offices, a hotel and a convention hall. "In the next ten years, Atlanta is going to make the last 20 years look mehe predicts. "It's a real estate man's dream. To miss, you'd almost have to try.

RETAILING

Thumbs Down

Each year bad-check passers fleece U.S. businesses of an estimated \$4 billion—far more than bank robbers get with guns. Using stolen or bogus drivers' licenses and other faked identification, "paper hangers" have found merchants—who are naturally anxious to ring up sales and cannot easily vertoring up to the control of the cannot be up to the control of the control of the cannot be up to the control of the control of the cannot be up to the control of the control of the cannot be up to the control of the control of



CALIFORNIA CUSTOMER IMPRESSING PRINT Paper hangers beware.

ify such fakes—especially easy targets. And even if checkbook bikers are later caught, convictions are hard to get because many suspects cannot be identified to the satisfaction of courts. Now two new devices on the market are enabling stores to record identification that even the cleverest forger cannot fake: his thumbprint. The systems cannot prevent the acceptance of bum checks, but they provide a powerful psychological deterrent to swindlers.

The most popular of the gadgets is Identiseal, which was brought out ten months ago by Positive Identification Systems of Fort Worth. Its procedure requires a check casher to place his thumb on a stamp pad soaked in a clear, nonsticky liquid, then press it against an oval gummed label attached to the back of the check. Instantly, a clear lavender print appears. If the bank later discovers that the check is forged, the thumbprint is forwarded to Identiseal headquarters for filing, and then to the police in the city where the check was written, P.I.S. officials claim that in Los Angeles alone, Identiseal has been instrumental in getting quick confessions from 26 forgers. Identiseal is now installed in several major West Coast chains, including Safeway, Ralph's and Lucky's markets. Company officials plan to operate offices nationwide within two years.

The other newsystem is called lidenticator, an invention of retired Detective Division Chief Hugh McDonald of the Lox Angeles wheriff selepartment. of the Lox Angeles wheriff selepartment, the customer to touch. Instead, the check writer merely presses his thumb firmly on the check, which is then run through a tiny developing machine to through a tiny developing machine to delible thumbprint. The device is now being test-marketed in major read being test-marketed in major and stores like J.C. Penney in California, and will go on sale nationally by years and will go on sale nationally by years.

The new thumbprinters are used

mostly in stores with a large number of check-out counters, where their case of operation and low operating cost (\$15 a year for the Identicator and a penny a print for Identiseal) make them cheaper than photographic ID systems.

Police are convinced that the new devices make convictions much easier. "If a forger is leaving a trail of bad checks, all using different aliases," says Redwood City, Calif., Police Chief John McDonald (no kin to Hugh), "we can easily put them together with the thumbprints and prove grand theft." That word seems to be getting around, discouraging paper hangers from even trying their craft in stores that require thumbprints. Authorities estimate that the rate of had checks has been cut by 50% in most such outlets. The devices have proved doubly effective at some stores. Last month an Alec department store clerk in Colma, Calif., refused to accept the check of a man who balked at being fingerprinted. The customer eventually cashed his check-which bounced the next day-around the corner at Alec's competitor.

CORPORATIONS

New Energy at Tenneco

Shortly after the Tennessee Gas and Transmission Co. went into business in 1943 as a pipeline carrier of natural gas, its founder and longtime boss, Gardiner Symonds, decided that the company had to diversify to survive. Reason: rates and profits on the transmission of natural gas are strictly regulated by state and federal governments, leaving Symonds little hope for fast growth. Before his death last year at age 67. Symonds had turned the utility into a vast conglomerate named Tenneco that does \$2.8 billion worth of business annually and reaches into land development. farm machinery, auto parts and shipbuilding. Now his hand-picked successor, Nelson ("Dick") Freeman, is pulling just the kind of surprise about-face that used to delight Symonds' Houston cronies. In an age of power shortages, Tenneco is turning back to supplying

energy on a grand scale. With little fanfare, Freeman recently announced that Tenneco and two other Houston firms (Texas Eastern and Brown & Root) are carrying on negotiations with the Soviet Union for rights to the vast natural-gas fields of central Siberia. The cartel is bargaining for a 25-year deal to transport, in liquid form. some 2 billion cu. ft. of natural gas daily -about three times as much as all of New England now uses every 24 hours. U.S. demand for imported natural gas is expected to skyrocket in the near future, since projected needs far outstrip the available supply at home. Final agreement on the deal may be some time off; it undoubtedly depends on a settlement of broad trade questions between the U.S. and Russia, including



FREEMAN AT HIS RANCH NEAR HOUSTON
A surprise turnabout.

Moscow's demand for most-favorednation status. But Freeman is optimistic about the eventual outcome. Says he: "The Russians have accepted our

concept."

The gas would be bauled in a fleet of 20 18A (for liquefied natural gas) superankers, a new class of vessels that valid coat as much as \$100 million each. They are known among shipbulders as the state of insulation enterlising their holds to keep the gas at —259 F., its liquelying point. Fenneco stands to be cut in as contractor for at least several of these vessels it happens to own the na-Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co.

Tenneco's other step into the future is a venture in cooperation with Westinghouse to build nuclear power stations that generate electricity on floating platforms at sea-far from radiation-wary cities, whose residents have blocked one nuclear power project after another. Although some ecologists have objected to the thermal pollution that such power stations would spread, Freeman maintains that its effect on the entire Atlantic would be negligible. Tenneco has begun building a new \$200 million construction center in Jacksonville, from which the first power platform is expected to be launched in 1979.

For all its new work with energy sources, such business accounts for less than half of Tenneco's overall sales. The conglomerate's six divisions operate no fewer than 123 subsidiaries in 18 countries, including a string of several hundred service stations in Europe, oil and gas drilling operations in 14 countries, chemical producers, the Walker Manufacturing Co., which makes autu parts,

BUSINESS

J.L. Case. a farm and construction equipment manifacturer, and Hegg-blade-Marguleas-Tenneco, one of the country's lirgast brokers of feet first and vegetables. The company has accurated 36 firms in the past seven years entered to the construction of the construction

Freeman 6.3. joined Fenneco in the company's inflavor, and soon became a favorite of Founder Symonds. Since his elevation to chairman last year, he has logged some 300,000 miles of travel, showing the some 300,000 miles of travel, showing the some 300,000 miles of travel to see things for Tenneco's operations. "I trust everyone—18's just that I want to see things for myself." he says wryly in his chairm-smokers busky volice. These days with the foundation of the same showing the same showing the same shows the same showing the

For all its acquisitive spirit. Tenneoh as gained something of a reputation as a slow-paced outfil looking forward to a comfortable if unexciting
middle age. Its stock, which last weck
sold at 23.1, has barely changed price
since the early '60s, Now, if the naturalgas and power-station projects are an indication. Tenneco's future will be any-

ENTREPRENEURS

Harry's Sore Point

Of the hundreds of office blocks that have shot up in protrust London few have as the state of the protrust London few have the state of the state o

In space-starved London, where some commercial rents have doubled over the past five years, Centre Point has gradually grown from a simple oddity to a roiling controversy. Last month the Tory government's Environment minister, Peter Walker, threatened in Parliament to introduce legislation forcing Hyams to find tenants or face a government takeover of his building. Hyams, who operates in a shell of almost total privacy, answered in a rare public letter accusing Walker of repeating "baseless assertions." His reply merely recharged the controversy, since it offered a glimpse into the secretive empire of Harry Hyams, 44, one of Britain's most mysterious millionaires

Hyams is chairman of Oldham Estate Co., a \$355 million property firm, most of which he owns. The son of a

small-time London merchant and book-maker, he started working as an office boy in a real estate agency at age 17 and became a sterling millionaire while still in his twenties. In 1959 he bought oldham Estates, an obscure Laneashire property concern, and may proliferating a state ventures in London. A \$100 investment in Oldham stock in 1959 would be worth \$75.000 today.

Hyams who has been called Britain's Howard Hughes, sometimes goes to bizarre lengths to avoid publicity. At his company's annual general meeting last year, he turned up wearing a face-mask: there are few photographs of him. Hyams lives on a Hughesian scale as well. He spent \$1,700,000 to acquire a Wiltshire manor. He paid nearly \$700,000 for an 878-ton yacht that carries a crew of 30, and has put more than \$1,000,000 worth of improvements into it. including \$48,000 worth of teleprinter equipment to keep him in communication with the world's financial centers. A dapper figure with a neatly trimmed beard. Hyams owns fleet of fast sports cars, raises



DEVELOPER HYAMS IN RARE PHOTO Desirable giant.

pheasant and regularly throws hunting parties for a small circle of close friends.

The formula behind Hyams' real east success is simple. He has concentrated an developing office space in central London, which now erast for up to and European cities. And whenever possible he tries to find a single blue-chip tenant to fill each of his buildings who will be responsible to the size of the single blue-chip tenant to fill each of his buildings who will be responsible better for the space. "All we have to do is collect rerul." explains an Oldham agent. As a result. Hyams manages his chitir real. "That is remainful approach is the

main reason for the mystery of Centre Point. Hyams claims that he has been actively seeking a tenant for Centre Point all along, but can find no firm willing to sign up for all 202,000 sq. ft. of space-the only terms he will give. Hyams is losing remarkably little

money in his stubborn campaign. Empty buildings in London are taxed at half their actual value, and Harry-like Howard-can write off many of his losses. In addition, because of soaring land values and rents, the potential profit on Centre Point keeps getting larger. Real estate men calculate that Hyams could easily recoup twice the estimated \$15 million in original costs and later expenses that he incurred on the project-if Hyams were in a mood to sell. Meanwhile. Londoners who have watched their city being scarred by developers rushing to cash in on the office squeeze are understandably unhappy to see Centre Point's 34 floors remain



ARTHUR R. TAYLOR

EXECUTIVES CBS's Overnight Star

Like the heroines in its television soap operas, the Columbia Broadcasting System is strongly attracted to interesting strangers. Last week, for the second time in a year, CBS reached far outside its own management ranks to select a new president. He is Arthur R. Taylor, a 37-year-old corporate Wunderkind with no broadcasting experience, who for the past two years has served as vice president and chief financial officer of International Paper Co. Taylor succeeds Charles T. Ireland Jr., who died unexpectedly last month at age 51 after less than a year on the job. Ireland, himself a surprise choice, had come from International Telephone and Telegraph Corp

The selection of Taylor for the 2500,000-plus post again raised questions about CBS management's forsight in grooming its own top executives for broad responsibilities. Most of them are heavily broadcast-oriented, even though in recent years the company has grown highly diversified and now gets more than half of its sales from such nonbroadcast divisions -as book publishing, baseball (the New York Yankees), musical instrument manufacturing and motion pictures. Thus. CBS's prime need at the top is financial expertise, a field in which Taylor became almost an overnight star.

The son of a telephone company employee, Taylor was raised in Rahway, N.J., and traces a good deal of his relentless drive to his days in the local high school. "Two of my classmates went to college and ten went to Sing Sing," he says jokingly. Taylor got a scholarship to Brown University, where he took a B.A. in Renaissance history and a master's in U.S. economic history. At one time he planned a teaching career. Instead, at age 25, he went to work as a trainee for The First Boston Corn an investment banking firm, where he quickly rose to a vice presidency. Hired away by International Paper in 1970, he totally revamped that company's financial management in a series of well-publicized money deals that helped bring his name to the attention of CBS Vice Chairman Frank Stanton.

As CBS's president, Taylor will probably need all the moxie he can muster, since most of the corporation's board remain conservative in money matters. But the young president can afford to bide his time. His two bosses, Stanton and CBS Founder William Palez, are 64 and 71 respectively.

STOCK MARKET

The Pro and the Cons
Resides cold cash arrows with ideas
about making money in the stock market needs to spend quite a bit of time
studying the past performance and fixture prospects of companies in which
be would like to invest. Even when they
the time; among the few who do are
men who happen to be in prison. So
three years ago, Ira Distenfield, a 26year-old stockbroker who has studied
courses to immare of the Stateville Priscourses to immare of the Stateville Pris-

on in Joliet, Ill., and Chicago's Cook County Jail. Since then, Distenfield has become the convicts' Pied Piper of legitimate gain. Inmates and prison officials at 23 institutions around the country, including such fortresses as San Quentin, have asked Distenfield to teach similar courses about the stock market.

Double Profits. Taking Distenfield's twelve-week course can earn a convict double profits. First, during a 21-hour weekly session. Distenfield teaches how to profit by investing in stocks. In a final exam the students must answer questions on such subjects as stock market terminology and the characteristics of a well-managed company. In addition, some get a stake. The top scorer receives \$500, and the four runners-up get \$100 each. Recently, Distenfield also began giving \$50 to each convict who attends 80% of his classes. Out of his own pocket, Distenfield has paid \$2,000 in cash awards and another \$800 for course materials such as the Wall Street Journals that he sometimes buys and sometimes collects from his office at Paine. Webber, Jackson and Curtis in Chicago. With the help of the Illinois state department of correction, Distenfield has persuaded Playhoy's Hugh Hefner, Governor Richard Ogilvie and Publisher Marshall Field to at-

tend the classes as guest speakers. Distenfield now handles accounts for at least 25 convicts. Most trade in low-priced stock, but "they are doing about as well as anyone else playing the market today. ' says their teacher. One prisoner bought Outboard Marine at 12. sold at 21; then he bought Kaiser Aluminum at 16, sold at 26. Another invested \$900, in Kaiser Aluminum and American Motors, and eight months later had an investment worth more than \$1,400. Still, other customers have not done so well. One of Distenfield's students bought 20 shares of a Chicago real estate investment company, only to see its price drop by 75%. The loss was of no immediate importance because. says Distenfield, "he doesn't get out for eleven years."



MODERN LIVING over the 2,350-mile Pacific Crest Trail.

Ah, Wilderness!

Except for an ardent few. Americans have traditionally looked upon long hikes as a slow form of torture inflicted upon Boy Scouts and Army in-fantrymen. That view seems to be changing. With 20- to 40-lb. packs strapped to their backs, millions of nature lovers are now taking to the trails. Many stick to the neighboring countryside, but some groups are venturing so far into the wilderness that they carry homing pigeons to send back in case of trouble. (One feathered courier brought back news of a forest fire last year.) Other backpackers boldly tackle the fourmonth trek from Canada to Mexico or try the 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail running from Georgia to Maine. Most hikers are under 30, but today many a trail crew includes the entire family. from kids to grandparents. In 1968 Congress responded to the

reverberation of tramping feet by designating the Pacific and Appalachian trails as the first of 16 possible National Scenic Trails (see map). As yet, these are the only ones that are marked and maintained for public use, but when the system is complete it will be possible to follow the route of Lewis and Clark across the Rockies or hike for 825 miles past Civil War and Revolutionary battle sites near the Potomac. Hardy footsloggers may also be able to trudge the length of the Chisholm Trail-one of the three main cattle routes of the old Southwest-or retrace the exodus of the Mormons from Illinois to Salt Lake City. In addition to these long trails, the 1968 act also provided for a number of shorter paths within easy reach of cities; most are under ten miles long. Thirty-three of these National Recreation Trails are now available to hikers, as well as to horseback riders and bicyclists

Fishnet Underwear. Campingequipment sales testify dramatically to the new backpacking boom. Manufacturers report rocketing increases of as much as 400% in the past five years. mostly in sales of improved gear, which makes it possible for a hiker to hit the trail without lunging and stooping with the weight of an old-style canvas rucksack on a wooden frame. Now he can sport a rip-proof nylon bag and an aluminum or magnesium carrier, which have shaved down the weight of an average unloaded pack from 12 lbs. to 2 lhs In addition, the pack frame is or-

weight of the load along the bones that can bear it best. This type of pack costs around \$50 and is usually the first item. after his hiking boots, on the backpacker's shopping list. Others:

A two- to three-man 7-lb. tent made of "breathable" nylon, complete with rain fly and poles: \$110. A 2-lb. down sleeping bag as

warm as a 15-pounder made of Dacron: about \$100.

Fishnet underwear for ventilation: \$10 a set. A down sweater: \$30. And a rainsuit: \$25-or a poncho for

▶ A 12-oz. brass stove, 3 in. by 5 in which burns for 45 minutes on onethird of a pint of white gas: about \$12. (U.S. forests no longer have wood to spare, so conscientious backpackers now (orgo campfires.)

▶ Freeze-dried food, including such delectables as shrimp cocktail (\$2.50 for two servings), beef Stroganoff, blueberry cobbler. Western omelet and chocolate ice cream. Hikers with smaller nockethooks still use the older dehydrated soups and vegetables, along with

wheat germ and oatmeal. Streamlined equipment is not the only attraction that has lured the multitudes to backpacking. Many Americans find overnight hiking trips an escape not only from the urban din but from the strident crowds that glut any campsite within reach by automobile. Writes Outdoorsman Stephen Davenport Jr., who took a group of five on a monthlong trip in the Rockies: "After a backpacking trip away from all mechanical things, car campgrounds seem like the worst kind of suburbia: laid out with the smell of other people's barbecued chicken and the blare of news broadcasts." Ironically, hikers themselves have begun to congest certain areas, endangering the very wilderness they cherish. "People are wearing out our rocks," said one member of the Hoofers, a Madison. Wis., hiking club. In popular areas, 95% of the packers seem to trek over the same 5% of the trails, damaging vegetation and endangering the root systems of trees. Even the durable Appalachian Trail is hurting in spots. Last month new regulations went into effect. closing some areas to overnight campers and requiring permits for hikers in others, to allow the 14-state footpath to heal. The problem is not likely to disappear. On a once secluded segment of a trail in the Smoky Mountains, hikers were clocked for six hours of one day last fall: they appeared at the rate of one every 20 seconds.

thopedically contoured to distribute the NATIONAL TRAILS SYST

Snowless Skiing When they first appeared in the U.S. almost a decade ago, no-snow slopes covered with slippery plastic were hailed as a ski buff's salvation during the long, hot summer. But most schussers were quickly turned off. The stiff, molded bristles that were supposed to substitute for snow ruined their skis, and General Electric can show you this.
Because we have the dishwashers that will do this.



The pot on the left has the remains of a baked bean casserole.

of a baked bean casserole.
The unretouched picture on the right is the same pot after it has been scrubbed with the brushless water action of one of our six Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub' Cycle. Nothing else was done to this pot. No prescraping. No rinsing.
We washed it along

with a full load of 88 other dirty dishes, glasses and silverware. You'll get the same results as we have if you'll follow our simple loading diagrams for different

sizes and types of

loads. Instructions

are provided with

every Potscrubber we sell.

That's why we can give this guarantee:

"Buy any one of our six Pot-

scrubber* dishwashers with a Power Scrub Cycle from a participating GE dealer before Sept. 30, 1972. If you're not

fully satisfied with its performance (and you'll be the judgel, notify the dealer within 30 days of your purchase. He'll take back the dishwasher and refund your money. No questions asked."

In addition to pots and pans you can also safely wash fine china and crystal.

We make a line of Potscrubber models to fit into a lot of different kitchens. Three built-ins. Three front-load convertibles, portable now, can be built in later.

These are some of the reasons why more people use GE dishwashers than any others.

We also have a quality feature just as dependable

just as dependable as our Potscrubber.
Customer Care
Service Everywhere.

Service Everywhere.
This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go, you'll find an authorized GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

The Potscrubber dishwasher... another reason why GE is America's #1 major appliance value.







SKIING IN SNOWLESS BRAZIL 60 m.p.h. on plastic.

falling on the stuff felt something like falling on a rake.

Outside the U.S., however, various kinds of synthetic ski surfaces have been more successful. A 400-meter nylon-covered ramp at Edinburgh's Hillend Ski Center is jammed with people during the winter months; so are the chloride-vinyl ski jumps and slalom courses of Tokyo's Yomuiriland. But it is in Brazil, where a tropical climate leaves no alternative, that plastic skiing has demonstrated its greatest appeal. In the past four years, 300,000 persons have driven the long dirt road that winds past lush palm, orange and banana trees to get to the President Médici Ski Station in the southern town of Garibaldi (pop. 8,000). There, on a steep hillside, are two plastic-covered ski runs, four chalets and a 40-chair lift.

Devid states. Doud Santini. 19, a wealthy soil engineer, claims that his plastic slope is the "best artificial tracking between the world." It is covered with polyethylene molded into bristly traingles and sick cricels. Before taskin off from a symming roller. Although russ down the 1,200-ft, competition courses reach the state of the state

so much as a linger.

Impressed with the Garibaldi resort's \$5,000-a-month profit, the Brazulian government is lending Santini
more than \$2' million to build similar
more than \$2' million to build similar
more, though was not on Santini
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building the Santini
building the Santini
shi team in the Olympics—even if they
finish last.

PPG LOOKED DEEP INTO THE NATURE OF THINGS FOR A REMARKABLE NEW IDEA IN PAINT MAKING.

Nature creates intense whiteness—clouds, snow, birchbark —with a system that incorporates submicroscopic spheres (microvoids) that scatter light.

PPG has adapted this phenomenon to a new paintmaking process called Pittment. The coatings that result are brilliantly white, with amazing reflectivity.

In fact, Pittment coatings can reflect the entire spectrum, far more than other practical coatings. Infrared, ultraviolet, and everything in between.

Ideas for the future like Pittment come from PPG's coatings technology to fulfill a company

objective: upgraded products.
We put more into them so our
customers get more out of them.
And since we believe that

concerns for profits and progress are not incompatible, we try with our products to make things better or easier or safet for people. (Here we're developing a coating that can reflect the heat of the sun to help cool your home.) PPG also makes glass, chemi-

cals, fiber glass and other paint products. If you'd like to know more about our company and our products, write us for our Annual Report at One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

PPG: a Concern for the Future





Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regular and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

RELIGION

A Plowman's Bible?

Like many another evangelical Christian. Kennth Taylor liked to gather his family round him after dinner in their Wheaton. Ill. Farmhouse for evening prayer and a bit of Bible reading. The trouble was, Taylor observed some years ago, that his children could not quickly grasp the archack English of the King James Bible. An ordaned minister who was then director of the fundamentalist. Mooth Press in Chicago. Scriptures for his vonigister—an experiment to which the children—then numbering nime—quickly responded.

Now, after 17 years and one more child, that family paraphrase has grown into perhaps the world's fastest-selling Epistles, then asked for 450,000 more. Once he got the knack, recalls Tay-

Once he got the knack, recalls Tayto, the paraphrasing came more quickly. The Old Testament prophets (Lining Prophesis) followed the Epsaltes, then came the Goopels. Taylor rewords passages again and again. Even nos he calls The Laving Bible a "tentative cellpassages again and again Even nosh he calls the Laving Bible as "tentative cellgalayly be consistenced." Though he has draffed scholarly consultants to read and criticize his work, Taylor admits that "none lof them! feels entirely satsified with the present result."

To be sure, the "present result" lasts the literary cadences of *The New English Bible* and the translator's precision of the American Bible Society's *Good News Ior Modern Man.* It may be just a shade too enthusiastic in its

BibLE PARAPHRASER KENNETH TAYLOR SURVEYS WHEATON COUNTRYSIDE Amid a flurry of exclamations, striking up the band.

Bible. Since the publication of the complete Old and New Testaments last August, The Living Bible (Tyndale House-Doubleday: 59.95) has sold more than 2,000,000 copies. Billy Graham has ordered 600,000 special paperback versions for an autumn television crusade.

Sousa Touch. Taylor's paraphrase (which does not carry his name anywhere in the current edition) was not always so popular. It took him seven years from 1955 to 1962-to finish the New Testament Epistles, working nightly in one of the farmhouse's bedrooms and in the mornings on the commuter train to Chicago. Living Letters, he called them. But even the very firm he directed. Moody Press, declined to publish his paraphrases. So Taylor decided to publish them privately. A printer friend ran off 2,000 copies on credit, and Taylor took some of them to the 1962 Christian Booksellers Convention. He sold 842 copies-but there were no reorders for four months. "Then they started coming in," he recalls. In 1963 Billy Graham ordered 50,000 copies of the

use of exclamation points ("Then he heard a voice!"), and sometimes a bit of color seems to be lost. In Mark's Gospel, when John the Baptist talks about the Messiah as "he who is mightier than I, the thong of whose sandals I am not worthy to stoop down and untie," Taylor makes the allusion more straightforward: "I am not even worthy to be his slave." In the Book of Duniel, when Nebuchadnezzar makes a gold image and orders people to worship it when they hear the sounds of "horn, pipe, lyre, trigon, harp," Taylor offers in-stead a touch of Sousa: "When the band strikes up." Despite such lapses, Taylor's Bible is easy to read and remarkably understandable

Taylor does not expect his Bible to he a substitute for the translations currently available. He argues that Christian homes need both a "reading Bible" and a "study Bible," for which he recommends one of the standard translations. His personal "study" Bible is the New American Standard a fundamentalist favorite, though he used

the older American Standard of 1901 as the basis for much of his paraphrase.

Taylor's version may disturb some ears, but its hought-for-thought rendition is not very likely to distress between with any newly newly decirated notions. The theological lodestar in an anonymous perface. John an anonymous perface of the perface

Kenneth Taylor has not grown rich from The Living Bible, though he could have. Profits have enabled him to start and maintain a prosperous publishing firm, Tyndale House, which now produces some 40 titles a year. His salary as Tyndale's head has allowed him to move his family out of the old farmhouse and into a new home. But all author's royalties from the Bible-\$1,500,000 last year-go into the Tyndale House Foundation to be dispensed to various causes, including some 60 foreign paraphrases currently under way or completed. Taylor, now 55, says his mission is simply that of 16th century Translator William Tyndale, who wanted to bring the Bible to "every plowboy." Says Taylor: "I'd like to emulate Tyndale in everything but his death." Tyndale, for his efforts strangled and then burned at the stake.

The Gijsen Affair

To the easygoing Roman Catholic burghers of the Dutch diocese of Roermond, their new bishop came on like a thunderclap. Last January, when Johannes Mathias Gijsen, 39, was named to the see from the rectorate of an oldfolks home, hardly anyone knew who he was. They soon found out. In the next six months. Gijsen sacked his deputy bishop and two vicar generals. He issued a ukase telling his pastoral council that it would have to follow whatever policy he laid down. That policy included a strict stand against birth control, opposition to any democratic procedures in the church, and a stand on abortion more rigid than that adopted by his fellow bishops. "If a 13-yearold girl gets raped by a psychopath and gets pregnant," he pronounced, "abortion is certainly not allowed. She would have to say: 'I'll have to carry the cross of the Lord.

Gisen tyronounced roughly Hields son also informed the pastoral council and the discesan chapter—a group of priests who work directly with and advise a bishop—that he no longer had any use for their advice. The discessaris personnel staff forthwith resigned. A poll showed that the majority of the discesse's priests had decided they simply could not work with Gijsen. Some no

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RELIGION

longer consider him their bishop at all. Said one deacon: "We have to deal with a problem named Jo Gijsen who happened to become a bishop."

What the discontents had to deal with was the fact that Gijsen was chosen -if not imposed-by Pope Paul VI himself. The Pope personally selected Gijsen over a list of candidates proffered by the diocesan chapter to fill the seat of retired Bishop P.J.A. Moors, 65 a moderate who had carefully mediated between conservative and progressive factions in his diocese. The Pope was known to feel that conservatives were not adequately represented in the predominantly liberal Dutch hierarchy, and Conservative Gijsen was his choice to redress the situation. The Pontiff emphasized his point by consecrating Gijsen in Rome and summoning The Netherlands' primate, Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink, to join in the ceremony

With his commission thus firmly in hand, Gijsen came home to rule the diocese like an autocrat, pleasing some of the conservative laymen but alienating his mostly progressive clergy. The diocesan chapter is now so outraged that it has appealed to the Vatican for intervention. Last month, Cardinal Alfrink himself flew to Rome to offer his

services as a mediator

services as a mediator services as a mediator to move by the Vatison is highly improbable—Gijsen himself is clearly a man distressed. A few close to him say he is on the verge of a nervous breakdown—his thrid. Among his last public words was an almost poligiant lament words was an almost poligiant lament you have made a big mess out of this: I can tell you, I would thank our dear Lard on my hare knees to be rid of this job." Of all possible solutions, that seems the least likely



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BOOKS

Partly Young, Partly Angry

O CONGRESS

by DONALD RIEGLE with TREVOR ARMBRISTER 297 pages. Doubleday, \$7.95.

Michigan Republican Donald Riegle was elected to Congress at 28. boyishly glamorous and unabashedly candid about his ambitions to fetch up in the White House. Now, at 34. he is a disenchanted public servant who likes to link himself with those "beautiful kids".

whose "day is coming O Congress is Congressman Riegle's yearlong diary (beginning in April of last year), kept while Congress was in session and printed. he says, to "prompt a few young people to enter poli-Yet Riegle's account of his frustrations in one of America's most intractable institutions seems far more likely to turn young idealists away from Congress -at least as an instrument for change.

It did not take the new Congressman long to learn that he had only three unhappy choices in the House of Representatives: 1) "play the game and be one of the boys," hoping to accumulate power gradually; 2) quit and try to influence policy through administrative jobs at federal, state or city levels back home: 3) stay and fight outside "established traditional paths." Riegle chose the third, even though, as he concedes, he became "an outsider" as a result, with his long-term political ca-

reer and immediate re-election in doubt.
"If the country is in jeopardy," he says,
"and you're not prepared to force a
change, then your political future
doesn't mean anything on moral or

practical grounds."

Mush of Republican Riegle's rage
and dispair reflect his feelings about liss
party chief and President, Richard M.
President of President of President
him to run in 1966. In 1968 Nixon rold
him to run in 1966. In 1968 Nixon rold
him to run in 1966. In 1968 Nixon rold
m. "Well, you know. Don. if we're
elected, we'll end this war in six
months." But the war went on Largely
for that reason. Riegle became one of a
months." But he war went on Largely
for the line of the reason of the reason of the reason of the
lines. He soon found himself dropped
from the White House invitation list.
He could not even get Nixon to pose
with the little Michigan gir who had
been chosen for the annual cystic thirtybeen chosen for the annual cystic thirtybeen chosen for the annual cystic thirty-

Riegle's judgments may be questionable, but his irascibility is uninhibtied by any concern for political expedience. He describes the men around Naon as 'unprincipted sons of bitches.' He is institutively anti-Establishes.' He is institutively anti-Establishce. The institutively anti-Establishising junter compliance size a promising junter compliance size a promising junter compliance size and the IBM until he was sent home from work on day for wearing a blue shirt instead of a white one. He quit In Congress, Reigle found the work

load for a conscientious Representative almost intolerable, and he admits that his accomplishments have been negli-



U.S. CONGRESSMAN DONALD RIEGLE
An outsider looks inward

gible. A typical day's mail brought him \$81 interes from his district, seven invitation of the state of the state of the state that the state of the state of the state from colleagues seeking legislative support. Overworked on the House Appropriations Committee, where he felt he could easily use five staff assistants, and constantly required to fit home to serve constitutents and attend meetings. Rieconstitutents and attend meetings. Riehauled here and there.

His hands broke out with tiny red blisters, he often slept fittilly, and he developed chest pains. Before long he considered himself "used up, consumed —the job is draining my life away," There were times, he writes, when he included to vount," at the futile debate in the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the consumer of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the contraction of the consumer of the contraction of the contr were playing paddle ball in the House gymnasium.

Riegle's diary is sporadically an exposé. He suggests that some women are as sexually available to Congressmen as others are to athletes and musicians. There are also small, personal vignettes: he observes that Louisiana's Otto Passman is so fidgety that "he wears out a suit from the inside." Yet the congressional attitude that this book most strongly attacks, and that Don Riegle cannot abide, is the worldly advice once given him by Michigan's Elford Cederberg: "Remember, Riegle, you'll never be defeated by the speech you didn't give." BEdward Magnuson

Joyridina

THE CAR THIEF

by THEODORE WEESNER 370 pages. Random House, \$6.95.

Alex Housman steals cars. At 16, air ready in trouble because he has rifled high school gym lockers and lifted a wad of bills from the wallest there, he is off in a coppertone Buick Riviera his 14th car—"joyriding" with a tense joylessness through his slushy Michigan factory town, watching for ceps, indulging his quick-fade fantasies of ownership and manbour the properties of the proship and manbour the pro-

He is caught With a cavalier imprudence he has given the camel's hair coat in the back seat to a girl he hardly knows, and the girl's mother calls the police. He goes to a youth detention house does a few months' time, then returns to Central High School, where he is brutally beaten by his schoolmates for that locker-room job. He drops out of school, drifts, eventually joins the

XIDIY. in outline, an unpreposessing story—a pank's progress. In this first sory—a pank's progress. In this first sory—a pank's progress. In this first sory—a pank's progress of the book develops a building power. It is, for one thing, an achievement of almost perfect sympathy. One begins carried the progress of the

In Alex's swift fantasies of being a basketball star, in his coach's small complacent cruellies that drive Alex to quit, an American dream of winning goes winkling out. The thoroughfares of escape—rivers, highways—are encrusted, blocked arteries on the landscape.

Alex's father, alcoholic, grimy with grease, possesses only a vocabulary of manly clichés. The father works in the local Chevrolet plant, making the bright cars that his son will steal. Yet between him and his boy, Weesner draws an evasive tenderness, a shared vulnerability and hence a curious kind of dignity.

For Alex, the cars sometimes offer a

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stored away in photo archives, itbrary lites, news-paper morgues and private collections.

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BOOKS

disjointed sense of romance, but mainly they are an obsession, a brief freedom and, simultaneously, a vehicle for the half wish of getting caught. Only the cars seem to renew themselves, with new models every year. *Lonce Morrow

Cautionary Gaieties

THE MOLECULE MEN

by SIR FRED HOYLE and GEOFFREY HOYLE 255 pages, Harper & Row, \$5.95.

Intellectual sightseers being guided around Cambridge, where one of the three-star attractions is Sir Fred Hoyle and his Institute for Theoretical Astronomy, are likely to be told a cautionary anecdote. It is the science don's equivalent of the Little Princes in the Tower. One day, goes the tale, a colleague rushed to Hoyle with the incomprehensible datum that variable star Alpha. though 1,000 times larger than star Beta, was pulsing 1,000 times faster. "Oh, but there's no mystery; the reason is obvious," said Hoyle, and proceeded to explain it. His colleague went away awed, only to burst in again to say the mystery was deeper than ever, because he had strained his datum; it was really Beta vibrating 1,000 times faster than Alpha. "Oh. but there's no mystery." Hoyle instantly replies. "The reason is obvious.

Jost se: Hoyle is the world's most celebrated satrophysicist, not only because of the reach of his knowledge and mutition, but because of the outrageous speed of his cosmological imagination. Several times Hoyle's exuberance has bailed over into fiction, including The IRLA Cland and Reachers Levas Asian with his sen Geoffrey, as after the two long short stories; in this book long short stories in this book.

The title story. The Molecule Men, is the better of the two What if a form of life existed that could modify its own genetic message, deliberately and with the speed and flexibility, say, of Fred Hoyle's imagination? What if such a protean protein were invading Earth?



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iorseshoes—activities that are next to impossible in conventional

BOOKS

This is the fear that seizes Dr. John West, Cambridge scientist, as he sees a bank robber on trial at the Old Bailey turn himself into a swarm of malevolent bees. Soon after, the bees become a pack of ravening wolves and then, successively, a series of the earth's largest life forms: an elephant leading a protest march and a grove of giant sequoias surrounding Buckingham Palace

Penultimately, the invading quickchange alien becomes simultaneously the British Prime Minister, the Presidents of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. and Chairman Mao. But as the creature changes, it learns not only earth biology but politics and catches up, with deadly irony, to Dr. West's (and Hoyle's) own belief that scientists and technologists, not politicians, hold the real power

The second story, whose "What if?" begins at the bottom of Loch Ness is hardly more than a vehicle for an affectionate Highlands scene-and-character sketchbook. But the Hoyle stories are the playthings of genius. Because they carry around no portentous sociological baggage, the Hoyles are all the more effective at the classical task of science fietion, which is to satirize grotesque social reality in the mirror of scientific possibility. More than that, the tales have that rarest of qualities in fiction, science or otherwise: garety. · Horace Judson



by JOHN IRVING

365 pages, Random House, \$6.95

In John Irving's fine first novel, Setting Free the Bears, two Vienna University students plan to reform the world by liberating the animals in Vienna's Hielzinger Zoo. Now he offers the dislocated odyssey of an Iowa University graduate student who seems to be helplessly bound for self-destruction

Irving's easily daunted hero is Fred ("Bogus") Trumper, a monumental procrastinator with a talent for bungling Bogus' hard-scrabble effort to support his wife "Biggie" and infant son Colm by selling football pins and pennants is thwarted by a mob of fans who pick clean his display board. Seeing his existence threatened by "little things-er rors of judgment, but never crimes Bogus begins identifying with Akthelt, the heroic warrior and lover in Aktheli and Gunnel-an absurd Old Low Norse epic he is translating for his doctoral thesis And when Akthelt is told "Det henskit at krig er tu overleve The object of war is to survive it'). Trumper thinks "Which struck me as the object of graduate school-and possibly my marriage

Owls and Mice. But survival for Bogus is a haphazard undertaking at hest. An unsuccessful attempt at infidelity becomes a mad, nude chase across the Iowa countryside that leaves Bogus with bleeding feet, if not a bleeding heart. Homeward bound, he falls off a



AUTHOR JOHN IRVING His mouse was club-footed

bicycle in front of a barber shop and sardonically observes: "Several sheeted men raised their shaved skulls above the backs of their barber chairs, watching me writhe on the sidewalk as if they were owls-and me, a club-footed

Worse yet. Trumper's sex life is painfully complicated by a medical complaint that might embarrass even Alexander Portnoy. Unable to commit himself to risky surgery. Frumper opts for "the water method" -- a sloppy palliative that requires him to drink huge amounts of water before and after inter course to flush himself out

To flush out his life, however, Bogus flees his family and goes to Austria to search for a diabetic triend who unbeknown to him has died-another illusory hero image What follows vacillates between brutal reality and hallucination, comedy and pathos. Eventually, Bogus comes to see himself as Moby Dick, "mindful of his sears, his old harpoons and things." knowing that his

Remarkably, John Irving manages to weave the disparate fragmented elements of Trumper's calamities into a rich, unified tapestry. I rom the dreck of daily lives, he can make the improbable seem likely and retrieve something of George Dickerson

Fear Not the Platitude

THE PETER PRESCRIPTION by DR. LAURENCE J. PETER

224 pages. Morrow, \$5.95.

Why are so many high-ranking people incompetent' Dr. Laurence I. Peter a professor of education at the University of California, provided an answer of admirable simplicity. In The Peter Principle, he stated and demonstrated the thesis that competent people get promoted until they reach a job they cannot do, and then they stay there, victims of "the final placement syndrome." Or, as Dr. Peter formally phrased his principle. "in a hierarchy every employee



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while it gently relieved such pain, it also helped reduce swelling of these

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BOOKS

tends to rise to his level of incompetence," Bravo, Dr. Peter.

There is a sad tradition, however, of successful humorists writing sequels Ring Lardner took the hero of Know Me. 4/ to the battlefields of France, and Stephen Potter, the creator gamesman's rules as advertisements for soft drinks. Frue to the tradition. Dr. Peter has now written The Peter Prescription, subtitled How to Make Things Go Right, and sub-subtitled Sixty-Six Formulas for Improving the Quality of Your Life

It is a dismal performance. But in the course of elaborating his one prescription into 224 pages. Dr. Peter provides a kind of model for anyone who might be interested in making a living by writing "humor. Turn all your observations into

"laws," and try to make a joke by attaching your own name to them. Thus: "The ing activities. ▶ Tell anecdotes featuring people

with comic names. Thus: "Tim Iddly was a conformist ... He agreed with his boss. Ty Kune.

Above all, fear not the platitude Thus "We live in a world of uncertainty where the most difficult puzzle is man himself." But be sure to have your work illustrated with old drawings from Punch so everyone will see that the platitudes are meant to be humorous Can one finally resist the temp-

tation to say it? No, one cannot Dr Peter's seguel has proved the Peter Principle. · Otto Friedrich

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Bach (3)

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7-The Settlers, Levin (8)

8-A Portion for Foxes, McClary (7) 9-Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen.

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NONFICTION

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The Blue-Collar Blues

It was an ordinary Chicago mailbox, the kind mailmen use fore stashing their extra loads while making rounds but what were those shuffling and humming sounds coming from within? Curious or startied passers-by probably never found out, but they were made to make the passers of the property mail the empty box to except the iey wind, eating his lunch and composing his mourful songs.

That was two years ago. Since then, Prine, now 26, has quit the post office, launched into a career as a songwriter and singer, and emerged from his box, so to speak, as one of the na-

tion's most striking new folk talents. But he is still singing the blue-collar blues. His leisurely, deceptively genial songs deal with the disillusioned fringe of Middle America, hauntingly evoking the world of fluorescent-lit truck stops, overladen knickknack shelves, gravel-dusty Army posts and lost loves. In a plangent baritone that makes him sound like a young Johnny Cash, he squeezes poetry out of the anguished longing of empty lives.

In Donald and Lydiu, one of the tracks on Prine's recent Atlantic LP, Donald is a lone-ity Army private Itying in a "warehouse of strangers with 66-watt lights," and Lydia is a small-eyed fat girl reading. True Bonnieuse magazines up in her room and feeling "just like Sunday or Saturdaş afternoom." When they make love to each other it is "from ten miles away." In Helto In There, Prine strangs of an elder-

ly couple who live together silently in the city. She stares through the back screen door, while he ponders calling up a friend.

We worked together at the tactory But what could I say when he asks. "What's new?" Nothing, what's with you?

Nothing much to do

Prince sullustering also includes social comment, awin some some some social comments and social comments are social comments and social comments are social comments and as monkey on his back." The charmas a quasi fullably from a child's perspective. "There's a hole in Daddy's sum song tells of a man killed in a car as-cident because he had covered his windshed! with flag decals. "Your flag decal won't get you into hexen any-from your drifty little war."

One of Prine's most yearning songs is Paradise, which is not about heaven but a place named Paradise, Ky. "Until I was 15 I didn't know that the word paradise meant anything other than the town in Kentucky where all my relatives came from," explains Prine. The relatives migrated to the Chicago area where John was born, raised (with summers back in Kentucky) and given a high school education of sorts. "But we never took much to the city," says Prine, whose twangy accent, parted-in-themiddle haircut and beltless blue jeans mark him as a Chicago hillbilly. After high school there was the post office. the Army, marriage and the post office



COMPOSER-SINGER JOHN PRINE Poetry of empty lives.

again. He had lots of time to "file away material in my mind until I could compress it all together into one sone."

From his grandfather and older brother. Prine had learned to play a \$28.95 mail-order guitar. Later he moved up to a \$217 model purchased with money he earned working as a pew duster ma a Episcopal church on Saturday nights. At 14 he hegan writing song modeded after Hank Williams why-don't you-listen-withe 1-tell youring the properties of the properties of the into one of the colfecthouses in Chicago's Old Town district and samp in publie for the first time. "People were very responsive," he recalls. "If they hadn't been, 14 of new rodon et again."

It was in an Old Town club a year ago that Kris Kristofferson and Paul Anka heard Prine and decided that he was ready for national exposure. Their joint boost has brought him not only his recording contract but also a string

of packed-house appearances at such folk meccas as Manhattan's Bitter End and Los Angeles' Troubadour.

Still, Prine is not about to let success coax him away from the physical and emotional neighborhood that has and motional neighborhood that has wife continue to live in the same apartment they had when he was a 590-a-week mailman. He has lost his mailman he has lost his mailman set only to develop a case of oulcers. And he is still writing lyrics like Rocky Mountain Time:

Christ, I'm so mixed up and lonely I can't even make friends with my brain.

I'm too young to be where I'm going But I'm too old to go back again.

LPs: Nature and Art

Walter Carlos: Sonic Seasonings (Columbia, 2 LPs, \$6,98). When the Roman philosopher Seneca said, "All art is but imitation of nature," he didn't know the half of it. Today's electronic composer no longer bothers to imitate nature the way Vivaldi did in The Four Seasons. Tape recorder in hand, he simply camps at the seashore or in a rain forest, and lets Mother Nature herself compose an accelerando of breaking waves or a pizzicato polka of storm effects. Then he adds electronic sounds-whirrr, ping, eeceeee, r-r-r-roar-and voila!, the new art of sonic environments, "music" to the ears of those who would rather "hear" sound than "listen" to it. Walter (Switched-On Buch) Carlos here presents four tone poems-spring, summer, fall, winter-that give a good approximation of what a year's hike might be like on the Appalachian Trail. Possible uses: mellifluous Muzak for a flower shop or Japanese tearoom, or dozy balm for the pastoral-minded insomniac trapped in the big city.

Mozort: The Wind Concertos (various soloists, the Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conductor; Angel, 3 LPs. \$17.98). An exquisitely executed anthology for the Mozartean who has everything-or thinks he does. The selections range from what might be called the camaraderic concertos, the Sintonia Concertante, K. 297h (featuring oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn) and the Flute and Harp Concerto. K. 299, to the solo works for bassoon (K. 191), flute (K. 313), oboe (K. 314) and clarinet (K. 622). Von Karajan's soloists, drawn from the Berlin Philharmonic. are superb

Meant: The four Hern Concerns
(Barry Tuckwell soliest, Academy of St.
(Barry Tuckwell St.)
(Barry Tuckwell St.)
(Barry Tuckwell St.)
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Tuckwell plays the concertors as though
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the case of Nov. 3 (K. 447) and 4
the case of Nov. 3 (K. 447) and 4

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MUSIC

(K. 495) is not too far from the truth. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, Sin-

fonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, K. 364, Symphony No. 32 (Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conductor; Argo, \$5.95). Whether accompanying French-horn players (see above) or reinterpreting the Baroque repertory (the Bach orchestral Suites, the Handel Concerti Grossi, Op. 6). Neville Marriner is one of the hest and busiest maestros on the London recording scene. His Mozart, an artful shading of sinew, sensuousness and sonority, is as good as anything he does. Indeed, Nachtmusik is the freshest, rosiest reading of that serenade to come along in years.

Franz Liszt's Greatest Hits of the 1850s (Jorge Bolet pianist; RCA, \$5.98). Considering the lethargy of the classical-record business these days, RCA may be forgiven for dressing this LP in the sales-proven "greatest hits" garb. For in this 40-minute collection of piano transcriptions by the granddaddy of all transcribers, Bolet has come up with what will surely be one of the piano records of the year. Liszt's Reminiscences of Lucia di Lammermoor of Concert Paraphrase on Rigoletto requires a fusion of talents comparable to those of an expert novelist who is also a master of the sonnet. Bolet's combination of intricate line and bold sweep is just such

tricate line and bold sweep is just such a fusion.

Dvořák: The Golden Spinning Wheel,

Symphonic Variations (London Symphony Orchestra, Istvan Kertesz conductor; London, \$5.98). Mention the words "tone poem" and the average post-Romantic music buff will think of Franz (Mazeppa) Liszt or Richard (Don Juan) Strauss, but rarely of Dvořák. A pity, since Dvořák, too, was a master of the genre. His subjects varied from The Watersprite to The Midday Witch, but he was never more magical than in The Golden Spinning Wheel. Recounting the fairy tale of a lovely spinning girl who pays somewhat gruesomely for a king's love, Dvořák filled his 26-minute score with bold slashes of color, rich turns of melody and moments of high dramatic point, all much to Conductor Kertesz's obvious relish. The Symphonic Variations, on the other hand, is Dvořák at his nonprogrammatic best -the Old World side of the man who

Stravinsky: Petrushka (New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez conductor. Columbia, \$5.98). Boulez's first recording with his new charges at the Philharmonic, and a sonic dazzler. When Stravinsky conducted this music, he deliberately gave it a kind of squeeze-box accordion sound, as though trying to match the marionette-stage milieu of the puppet hero. Boulez's performance is much broader in both aura and atmosphere, as if his touchstones were the gay, extroverted Shrovetide Fair scenes that open and close the work. The approaches are opposed but, happily, of equal validity. William Bender

wrote the "New World" Symphony



LEE TREVING SINKING PUTT Bobby Jones would agree.

Tunes of Glory

Bobby Jones once observed that no body really wins a major golf tournament; someone always loses it. Indeed the salient feature of last week Jiritish Open was not so much Lee Trevish observed to the salient feature of last week Nicklaus slender loss. Nicklaus had already won the Masters at Augusta, Ga., and the U.S. Open and had set his sights on this tournament and the upcoming P.G.A. in a bid for an unprecedented grand slam of professional golf.

He came incredibly close in what was likely the most dramatic finish in golf history. Nicklaus went into the closng round on Scotland's sun-sluiced Muirfield course a full six strokes behind Defending Champion Trevino and five behind Britain's dogged Tony Jacklin. Trevino had blistered the parched fairways at the finish of the third round with birdies on the final five holes for a 66, which tied the course record and put him one stroke ahead of Jacklin. Nicklaus, playing what was for him desultory golf, needed birdies on two of the final three holes merely to finish the day with a par 71.

The final round was something else again. Nicklaus brided six of the first eleven holes, while Trevino and Jackin played fifty golf. By the ninth hole big Jack had caught the leaders. But on the 17th Trevino pulled off a spectacular shot. Perched on an awkward angle off the green. Trevino lofted a 30-ft. chip that rolled into the cup to save a par. Nicklaus had bogged the 16th, Jacklin bogged both of the final holes, and the Merry Mexican. crying. "I'm

the greatest chipper in the world!", became the first golfer since Arnold Palmer (1961-62) to win two straight British Opens. Although Nicklaus lost his glorious quest, Bobby Jones would agree that, on the bonnie Muirfield moors, both he and Trevino struck resonant tunes of glory.

Sputtering Start

After a week of petulant demands and infuriating delays, U.S. Grand Master Bobby Fischer, 29, finally showed up in Reykjavík, Iceland, for his best-of-24-game match with World Champion Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union (TIME, July 17). But he was still bellyaching. He griped about the lights and the chessboard at Reykjavík's Sports Hall, and he ordered his own \$500 swivel chair to be air-freighted from the U.S. Even after the start of the first game -for which he arrived seven minutes late-he staged a 35-minute walkout because, he said, he was distracted by an almost invisible camera 150 ft. away.

In the end, Fischer's juvenile act was a better show than the game itself. On the 29th move, Fischer took one of On the 29th move, Fischer took one of Spassky's pawns—but it was a "poison pawn," since its capture led to the loss of the company of

The next day Fischer refused to show up at the Sports Hall and forfeited the second game. After that, he threatened to boycott the rest of the

SPASSKY RELAXING IN ICELAND



SPORT

match unless all cameras were removed, although he had agreed to the cameras beforehand-and, like Spassky, was set to receive 30% of the sale of film and TV rights. He later relented on that score, but continued to insist on another chance to play the second game, a demand chess officials refused to grant. Given Bobby's stubbornness and shortfused temper, not even the experts could predict the next move.

A Man and a Boat

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide, wide sea! -The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Of the 55 sailors who started in the singlehanded transatlantic sailboat race a month ago, most were still alone, all alone last week, somewhere on the wide, wide sea between Plymouth, England, and Newport, R.I. They were still batduring the crossing was largely unnoticed. For one thing, Colas's radio was not always working; for another, most fans followed rapturous reports on Vendredi 13, a massive, three-masted schooner built specially for the event by American Designer Dick Carter, bankrolled by French Film Director Claude (A Man and a Woman) Lelouch, and sailed by Parisian Swinger Jean-Yves Terlain. By all accounts, Vendredi was well ahead and less than a day from Newport when Lelouch chartered a plane to add some footage to his proposed documentary on his boat's victory, to be called A Man and a Boat. What he got instead was a stunning view of Pen Duick gliding across the finish off Brenton Reef 16 hours in front.

Race officials also were caught by surprise. Many were relaxing at a cocktail party in a Newport mansion when Lelouch radioed back his discovery. Gin-and-tonics were hurriedly abanHope to Brittany-a nonstop journey of 10,000 miles. Other jaunts included Australia to Tahiti (after Colas quit his job as a French lecturer at the University of Sydney) and Tahiti to Mauritius (with his fiancée, Teura Krause).

First Fatalities. His only major difficulty on the transatlantic race came on the fourth day out, when a connection on his self-steering gear snapped under the hull. "There was only one thing to do." Colas later told the London Observer, sponsor of the race. "I fixed myself to the boat with a line and went over the side. The water was intensely cold. It was blowing Force 8 Igale winds of up to 40 knots], and the waves were about 12 ft. high. But it had to be done. I had either to repair the boat or abandon the race.

Equipment failure did force some boats to turn back. Illness eliminated 70-year-old Sir Francis Chichester, who won the event in 1960 and who sailed





After 20 solitary days at sea, champagne, acclaim and a twelve-inch silver plate.

tling cold and cramp, waves and weariness: still leary of sleep lest their untended craft be run down by a freighter or collide with an iceberg. They were still in danger of drifting aimlessly with broken equipment, or of being swept overboard with no help near.

Not Alain Colas. A handsome 28year-old Frenchman with a Tahitian beauty as his fiancée and the sea as his mistress, Colas was ashore in Newport, sipping a heady mixture of champagne and acclaim. Colas (pronounced Ko-la) had crossed the finish line 20 days, 13 hours and 15 minutes after the start. for the fastest-by more than five days -winning time in the four quadrennial races held to date. In his ugly duckling of a boat, the 70-ft, by 35-ft, aluminum trimaran Pen Duick IV. Colas had averaged about 150 nautical miles a day for the 3,000-mile voyage, covering 260 miles in one 24-hour period.

Though Pen Duick had been one of the pre-race favorites, its progress

doned and the officials scurried to the Port O' Call Marina for an unscheduled welcoming ceremony. After Colas docked. Newport Mayor Humphrey ("Harp") Donnelly III popped a bottle of New York champagne and proposed a toast. Colas politely drank the offering, then ducked into Pen Duick's cabin to produce a magnum of Taittinger. Obviously, nearly three weeks at sea had not affected the Frenchman's palate. In fact, Colas's provisions for the

trip included a variety of French delicacies: farmers from his native Normandy provided Camembert, Pont l'Evêque and Livarot cheeses, pâté, tripe à la mode de Caen and a supply of Calvados. Even so, the voyage was no pleasure cruise. Pen Duick's living quarters are so cramped that even 5-ft. 6-in. Colas had to cook almost doubled up over a low stove. But that was a small, familiar drawback. Colas previously sailed Pen Duick singlehanded from Mauritius around the Cape of Good



WINNER "PEN DUICK IV"

around the world alone in 1966-67. His difficulties in the race (including being almost paralyzed by a pain-killing drug) indirectly led to the first fatalities ever in the transatlantic event. Seven lives were lost as two vessels collided after one had gone to his aid.

What lies ahead for Colas? "Round the world singlehanded has already been done, so there is not much point in doing it again," he says. "But there are some records for quick passages which have held good since the days of the square-riggers. It would tickle me pink to beat one of those." Meanwhile, he can collect some plump publishing and endorsement fees (the race's official first prize is simply a 12-in. silver plate) and continue paying off the borrowed money he has sunk into Pen Duick IV. Says Fiancée Teura: "Everything has gone into the boat. So Alain had to win for our marriage, for our future, for everything. But, you see, he is not a man like other men." D'accord.



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